
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

APRIL, 1826.

THOMAS STOTHARD, R. A.

THE celebrated artist whose portrait has been selected as an embellishment for the present number of our miscellany, belongs to the multitude of men of genius who have been natives of the British metropolis. Thomas Stothard was born August 14th, 1755, of respectable parents, in Long-acre. His father dying when he was very young, he was sent into Yorkshire for his education; and passed some of his earlier years in the villages of Stratton and Acomb, near Tadcaster, in that county. Like many other eminent artists, he displayed symptoms of precocious talent, which were first manifested in a drawing he made of the figure of an aged relative. At a proper age he quitted his country residence, and, returning to London, was bound apprentice to a pattern-drawer of ornaments for brocaded silks, an employment, doubtless, suggested by the indications he had exhibited of taste and talent for the graphic art. The occupation for which he was thus destined was, however, too mechanical to become the sole business and pursuit of his life. Fortunately for himself and the public, brocades became unfashionable, the demand for them diminished, and Mr. Stothard was led to relinquish the drudgery of pattern-drawing, ere his apprenticeship was completed, having obtained a release from his engagement a year or two before his indentures expired.

The period of his apprenticeship was not spent uselessly, as he had, in the intervals of leisure which he enjoyed, made a considerable proficiency in drawing landscapes; and being possessed of an independent income sufficient for his support, as a single man, he took a journey into Wales, and employed his pencil in delineating the scenery of that romantic and mountainous region. He likewise assiduously engaged in making

copies from the antique, in the Academy of Art which preceded the foundation of the present Royal Academy, the rooms belonging to which were situated in Maiden-lane.

The genius of Stothard soon displayed itself in his designs, which were so original, so beautiful, and so characteristic, that, when Sir Joshua Reynolds was requested, by Sir John Hawkins, to sketch a frontispiece for the old play of "Ignoramus," which the latter was about to publish, Sir Joshua said "Go to young Stothard; he will do it much better than I can." The embellishments for the "Novelist's Magazine," published by Harrison, were some of the earliest productions of his inimitable pencil; and they form an æra in the arts, which will be ever regarded as the commencement of a novel and tasteful improvement in the British school of design. Bell's Shakespeare was another work illustrated by the genius of this artist; and of his delineations, it is sufficient to state, that they are worthy of their subject, and truly fitted to adorn the pages of the immortal bard.

The following remarks on the professional character of Mr. Stothard, were published many years since by a gentleman who, from the nature of his own pursuits, was well qualified to pass a judgment on merit in pictorial art. "In the works of Stothard female beauty and elegance strongly prevail, and that in a degree infinitely beyond his contemporaries. His designs for the Novelist's Magazine, and other publications, are superior to any thing of the kind ever produced; for though the littleness in the French style was formerly supposed calculated for vignettes, yet the masterly way in which Heath has engraved them from this artist, has made them universally admired and infinitely outstepped every thing else of the kind previously produced in Europe. His drawings are highly esteemed, as they are decorated with all the charms of beauty! His female figures are light, tripping, and full of grace; and the colouring is warm and brilliant, with a light, spirited touch, highly fascinating. Of his Chiaroscuro the light is generally broad, massy, and prevalent. Expression he appears but little acquainted with; a defect particularly observable in those of his drawings that require energy. His oil pictures are not equal to his drawings; they are slight, crude, and destitute of power; but in them his women fascinate. His best I ever saw were two in Macklin's gallery; "Solomon," from Prior;

and "Amintas and Theodora," from Mallet; the latter was extremely fine. Some of his allegorical subjects are beautifully executed, and the figures are managed in a style that has ever appeared to me highly poetic, and justly calculated for such subjects.*"

So versatile is the genius of this extraordinary man, that it embraces every subject, and it is really astonishing with what facility he has depicted the pastoral, the historic, the humorous, the pathetic, and the sublime. When you contemplate his designs for the poems of Bloomfield, you would imagine that his days had been passed in meads and cornfields, amidst flocks and herds, and hay-makers and shepherdesses: his Rival Ladies, Scaramouch, and the Swiss Officer, and his illustrations of Don Quixote, for Mr. Sharpe's elegant publications, have not been equalled in point of humour since the time of Hogarth: his pictures from Auld Robin Gray and the Children in the Wood, possess a pathos that calls forth the tenderest feelings of the heart: his paintings from Milton, Shakespeare, and Spenser, bring before us, in glowing colours, the airy shapes, vast conceptions, and sublime imagery which adorn their immortal lays: while his *fêtes champêtres* combine in a wonderful manner, gaiety and innocence, mirth and modesty; and make the spectator long to join the happy parties who seem employed in the delightful task of blessing and being blest. His females display all the loveliness of form that would captivate a stoic, and all the sacred chastity of deportment that would make the libertine blush, and lead him to repentance.

A multitude of publications, within the last half century, have been adorned by the matchless designs of this truly poetic painter, and they form a monument, not to his own fame only, but to that of the country which gave him birth. So numerous indeed are the authors whose works he has illustrated, that it would take up too much space to recount them. But among those who have particularly engaged his attention, may be mentioned Boccacio, whose delightful "Decameron," in the edition published by Pickering, is embellished by the designs of Stothard. Chaucer too, the first of our great national poets, furnished, in his "Pilgrimage to Canterbury," an admirable subject for the pencil of this artist. His taste and talents have

* "Professional Sketches of Modern Artists," by Edward Dayes,—in
s Works, 1805, 4to. p. 351, 2.

also been exercised in embodying the sublime visions of Milton, the quaint but impressive dreams of Bunyan, and the lively scenes of Defoe, so true to nature, that they have been the universal delight of youth and age, from the palace to the cottage.

One of the most important of Mr. Stothard's works is his design for the shield of the Duke of Wellington, comprising the most important events of the splendid career of that distinguished general, from the famous battle of Assaye, in the East Indies, to his receiving the thanks of the House of Peers, after the victory of Waterloo. The manner in which this undertaking was executed affords an extraordinary proof of the genius of the artist. To complete the design of such a subject in the short space of a month, considering the size of the shield, (three feet in circumference,) must have demanded great application, independent of the necessity of applying to history for the details of events; yet in that period of time history was consulted and the design was finished. It was approved of by a committee appointed to superintend the undertaking, in preference to those of several rival candidates; and the model was commenced previous to its being executed in silver. Mr. Talmash, who was employed to make the model, having died suddenly, in consequence of having burst a blood-vessel, the artist, to the astonishment of many, undertook to model the compartments himself; and without any assistance, completed his task in an admirable manner, though he had never before attempted any thing of the kind. His etchings of this shield, the same size with the original, afford another example of his surprising diversity of talent, and will enable his admirers to gratify, without difficulty, their curiosity as to this emanation of his taste and genius.

Mr. Stothard was elected a royal academician in 1794, when he presented to the Academy a painting of "Charity," now in the Council-room, at Somerset-house. He was also Librarian to the Royal Academy. He is now in his seventy-first year, and enjoys an excellent state of health. Hardly any one may so well be reckoned among the favoured few who have learned to grow old gracefully; and those who behold his venerable countenance hardly know which most to admire, the halo of genius that ever surrounds it, or the glow of benevolence which perpetually irradiates it.

M. J. N.

PRIZE ESSAY.

*ON THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF DOMESTIC AND SCHOLASTIC
EDUCATION FOR FEMALES.*

INTRODUCTION.

[WHETHER a domestic, or scholastic education, be the best mode of instruction for daughters, is a question, on which many an anxious father ponders, and on which many an affectionate mother feels great difficulty in arriving at a decision.

The perplexity of choice does not exist so much in weighing the relative merits and probable effects of the several modes of cultivation, in a prospective and theoretical point of view, as in the consideration of the existing and contingent circumstances, which may render the one or the other the most prudential measure, with a view to its practical result. For if the primary objects in the education of the female sex be, (as they assuredly are) of a domestic nature, there can be little hesitation, reasoning abstractedly, in pronouncing a home-education (if no impediment exist to its adoption) more likely to conduce to the accomplishment of those objects, than an education at a public school.

It appears, however, the province of the essayist on this subject, rather to pourtray, in contrast, the theoretical advantages and disadvantages of both modes of culture, than to enforce the adoption of the one, as decisively preferable, in all cases, to the other; inasmuch as the result of either depends, in a great measure, on the incidental and extraneous circumstances, attending the developement of the plan pursued, and may prove equally fortunate, if those circumstances combine to effectuate its happy completion.]

WITH respect to the merits of a domestic education for the female sex, it will be acknowledged, even by the most strenuous advocates for a scholastic education, that, in the years of tender infancy, that is, from the age of one to seven, (for the cultivation of the human mind ought to commence from the time it is capable of the minutest exercise of the faculties of speech and thought,) there can be no care so vigilant, as a Mother's love,—no protection so constant, as a father's anxiety,—no tuition so effectual, as that which emanates from a parent's unwearied surveillance! However high may be the sphere of life in which the parents move, or however humble their station, the voices of Nature and of Reason proclaim, that it is

the mother's peculiar province, not only to attend to her infant's physical welfare, but to lay the basis of its intellectual happiness:—And that mother, who, in compliance with the dictates of fashion or indolence, smothers her maternal love, and, shrinking from the performance of so amiable and delightful a duty, assigns, before the expiration of that critical period, her offspring entirely to a stranger's mercenary care, (however worthy the person entrusted may be of the charge,) on any pretence, but absolute necessity, is unworthy of that sacred name.—She runs the most imminent risk of severing the tie of natural affection, and ought not to be surprised if the deserted child should behold her with the coldness of indifference, when she may expect the ardent embrace of filial gratitude.

During the period adverted to, no further qualifications are requisite for the discharge of the parental duty of domestic education, than common sense and common literary attainments, combined with a desire to inculcate good principles in the infantile mind. To form the temper to meekness and obedience,—to teach the regulation of the passions and appetites,—to eradicate vicious propensities,—and gradually to habituate the opening mind to the love and practice of religion and virtue, are the first, the constant, and the growing labours of the Preceptor; to which all other instruction should be subservient, and is of minor importance: for only in this early season of the mind can these principles be effectually implanted. The ductile soil of infancy will easily yield to the fond, but judicious culture of a parent:—and when once rooted, they will flourish, and cannot be eradicated, in a maturer age, without extreme violence. Be it, therefore, the father's and the mother's office to plant those moral roots, 'at the same time that they impart the rudiments of scholastic knowledge;—and let no consideration induce them to commit their tender charge, to the chance of what are termed "preparatory schools." The mere elements of literature may, indeed, be as effectually taught in such a seminary, as at home; but it is impossible, in the very nature of things, that where many children are committed to the care of one or two persons, due attention can be bestowed on their moral instruction; and, even presuming the number of pupils to be few, the stimulus of natural affection, that ardent motive to unremitted exertion, cannot be supplied by the comparatively cold care of the governess. Where, however, the ex-

pense of a private governess can be afforded, there can be no objection to the aid of one, (continually under the parental eye,) whose character and qualifications have been well ascertained.

The chief evil, incident to a domestic education, whether in early infancy, or at a more advanced period, is that which may arise from the absurd partiality of the fond parents. To love our offspring with the utmost tenderness,—to labour incessantly for their welfare,—is our indispensable duty. But to close our eyes against their errors, or to resolve not to correct them, for fear of inflicting a little pain,—to enervate their corporeal and mental faculties by excessive fondling,—to grant, to their importunity what we know to be prejudicial,—to neglect the cultivation of their minds, through fear of overburdening their faculties,—and, above all, to be so weak, as to let them perceive our weakness,—are follies of so gross a nature, that one would not conceive it possible for a rational being to be guilty of them. But we see daily instances to the contrary,—parents, under the plea of affection, indulging their children in every wrong tendency, and even delighting in that very obstinacy, and those very follies, which, they cannot but know, must terminate in the future misery both of the parent and the child;—and which, therefore, though they be entertaining, as, indeed, every thing is from a pretty child, ought, without all question, to be eradicated, as soon as possible, instead of receiving encouragement.

Another disadvantage, attending a domestic education, is, that the menial servants, (too frequently encouraged by the parents' example,) generally make it their business to spoil a child, by teaching it a thousand ridiculous tricks, and by censuring the parents for every reproof or correction they use; though ever so requisite and moderate.

Presuming the parents to possess sufficient strength of mind, to preserve their children from the fatal consequences of extreme fondness and indulgence, and to exercise vigilance to prevent their intercourse with servants; and that, in all respects, the home education recommended, has been pursued up to the age of six or seven years; let us now consider the propriety of a continuance of the female's private education, or her removal to a public school.

In leading to a decision on this important point, the consideration of the *sex*, which is the subject of the proposed education,

will have great influence. With respect to the education of sons, there are several disadvantages, which do not apply, with equal force, to that of daughters.

It is almost universally acknowledged, that the sooner a youth is sent from home for his education, the better; for though the parents should have sufficient capacity, resolution, and leisure, to conduct his domestic education in a proper manner, (which is very seldom the case,) or to superintend it, with the assistance of a private tutor,—yet, in that mode of education, the advantages, arising to a youth from *emulation*, must be lost; he must lose all the advantage of being accustomed to the company of his equals, and being early inured and hardened, by the little rubs with which he will meet, in collision with his companions, to those difficulties which he will experience in manhood, and with which a youth, who goes out of his mother's lap into the wide world; is not prepared to grapple nor even to endure the sight of strange faces, nor to eat, drink, or lodge, in a different manner, to what he has been accustomed to, in his father's house;—he will lose the opportunity of a number of friendships, which a generous youth may contract at school, and which, being begun in the innocence and disinterestedness of boyhood, often continue through life, and prove of the most important advantage. But with respect to a daughter, it must be conceded, that a domestic education seems more congenial to the delicacy of her sex, and to the more confined sphere of her action. And, though in a scholastic one, she might reap, in a less degree, the advantages, resulting from emulation, and intercourse with females of similar age and pursuits, it may be observed, that emulation is too nearly allied to envy, to be amiable in the gentler sex; that youthful friendships are generally very evanescent in their nature; and that evil may flow from that juvenile intercourse. But if a young lady's education be continued under the paternal roof, either by the parents themselves, or by an able governess, assisted by masters of eminence in the several accomplishments, suitable to her sex and condition in society, she will, in all probability, escape that moral contagion, which is necessarily incident to a public seminary, in which numbers of females, of every variety of temper and disposition, are congregated together, under a divided care. For, granting that the conductors of such a place of education be qualified, by their virtuous principles and exemplary conduct,

to instil good morals into the minds of their pupils, and to form them virtuous members of society, as well as to render them accomplished ladies; it is not possible, by any human means, to prevent those of their pupils, who have imbibed vicious inclinations, from corrupting the others, in secresy; nor possible for those conductors to ascertain the real characters, the laudable or faulty dispositions of their pupils; nor to apply that particular correction or encouragement, which their respective faults or merits may require, so effectually, as may be done in a domestic education.

Besides, it cannot be concealed from our view, that too many of the fashionable boarding-schools for young ladies (particularly those termed "Finishing Establishments,") are, in their very system, pregnant with evils of a deeper cast, and of more detrimental consequences, than those adverted to; which are presumed to arise, not from the demerit of the instructor, but from the inherent vice of the pupil. Is it not, if not professedly the grand object, at least, the general practice of such seminaries, rather to polish the manners, than to improve the morals of their pupils?—The ornamental branches of a feminine education, as embroidery, drawing, music, dancing, the French and other continental languages, (all very proper, in their place, to constitute an accomplished female,) are made their *primary* studies;—and all the glowing energies of their youthful minds are absorbed in the acquirements of those accomplishments, whether Nature has endowed them with a genius for all of them or not, to the total exclusion of those of a less dazzling nature. The principles and practice of religion, of virtue, and of domestic economy, (those principles which alone can render the pupils, dutiful daughters, affectionate wives, prudent mothers, able mistresses of families, and valuable members of society,) are, if not entirely omitted, *secondary* objects of instruction, coldly imparted by the governess, and, consequently, neglected or despised by the pupil. In short, the whole system of education, in the generality of these places of instruction, has a corrupted source, and poisons as it flows. The voluptuousness, the irreligion, the immorality, the heartless extravagance, of too great a number of the ladies of fashionable life, have their origin in this deep fountain of vice!—The tendency of their education has been to form them elegant females, not virtuous ones;—they shine, with almost meretricious ornament, in the

world of fashion, but to grace the privacy of domestic life, is their scorn.

But this censure, happily, applies not universally to establishments for young ladies.—There are, doubtless, many boarding-schools which form splendid exceptions to the general case; many, which are conducted with a due regard to the inculcation of religion and morality, as the basis of all education; many, whose pupils confer the highest honour on their instructors, by proving bright examples of the happy union of the graces of fashionable elegance, with the charms of domestic virtue!

Indeed, it is to be remarked, that the darts of censure are hurled rather against the *abuses* of scholastic establishments, then against the system itself, applied to a small number of pupils. And notwithstanding the peculiar merits of a domestic education for females, perhaps, the most perfect scheme that can be devised for their education, after the age of six years, is that of a private school, where the number of pupils is limited between six and ten, or at the utmost twelve females of nearly a similar age; over whom presides a lady of exemplary morals and gentleness of temper, of polite manner and knowledge of the world, and of adequate literary and ornamental attainments; who employs herself, exclusively of all other pursuits, in the care and instruction of her pupils, in her own house, and under her own eye, in such a manner as to perfect them in all the branches of useful knowledge and elegant accomplishments, suitable to their several ages, capacities, and prospects; and, especially, in that knowledge, which will not only render them useful, virtuous, and happy members of society, but tend to secure their eternal felicity.

There is, in fact, no one advantage, in any other conceivable plan of education, which may not be gained in this; nor any one disadvantage, which may not be as effectually avoided. If there be amiable dispositions in the child, she may, in this method of education, be improved to the highest pitch of excellence;—if there be any vicious propensities, lurking in her heart, they cannot long remain undiscovered, and may, by judicious treatment, be remedied, if they be in their nature remediable;—if the child has a bright capacity, there is emulation, honour, and reward, to excite her to the exercise of it; and if her apprehension be dull and slow, there are proper me-

thods to improve her faculties, and to induce her to use her utmost diligence.—In such a plan of education, in short, the mistress has it in her power, by assiduity, to make the highest improvements in her pupils, both in human and divine knowledge; and, by a tender and affectionate treatment of them, to gain the love, the esteem, and the obedience of a parent rather than of a preceptor. Such a plan of education is, indeed, in no respect, essentially different from the domestic one; only that, instead of an over-indulgent parent, whose involuntary fondness might spoil the child, there is, at the head of such an establishment, an impartial and prudent governess, who not being biassed by parental weakness, is likely to consult, in the most disinterested manner, her real advantage.—And supposing a succession of duly qualified teachers are, if requisite, employed in such a place of education, there are no branches of knowledge or accomplishments to be obtained, at any kind of school or academy, (however higher their pretensions,) which may not be gradually taught in the establishment in question, and carried on to the highest degree of perfection, of which the pupils are susceptible, according to their ages and natural capacities.

In such a school, let the female pupil remain until she attains sufficient maturity to embark in the world.

The circumstance of the pupil being brought up under the same authority, from childhood to adolescence, is one of the inestimable advantages of a home-education.—The scholastic one will be imperfect, in exact proportion to the number of schools, (though individually excellent,) to which the pupil may be removed. If a girl be put, at an early age, to a preparatory school, conducted perhaps by some imbecile old lady, to learn to read or rather to murder her book, what a variety of bad habits will she acquire, all of which must afterwards be eradicated.—If from thence she be removed to a common boarding-school, with what contempt does she reflect on her poor old mistress? And the case will be the same if she be transplanted, ultimately, to a finishing academy; where, probably, a mode of education, utterly at variance with the previous plans of tuition, will be adopted; but too late, however superior, to be effectual. In which last establishment, the conceited pupil may, indeed, finish her smattering in various heterogeneous branches of knowledge and science, with the per-

nicious adjuncts of flimsy and half-learnt accomplishments; but will never become, what, either a domestic education, or the private and well-regulated scholastic plan of instruction, recommended as its equal in merit, might have constituted her—a finished and truly accomplished woman!

G. H.

ANECDOTE OF NADIR SHIR, KING OF PERSIA;

From Pottinger's "Travels in Belochistan and Sinde."

A curious anecdote is told of Nadir Shah, which will exemplify the natural resources of Sinde, and almost demonstrate what I have asserted on the opulence of Tattah, in the days of that prince. When the monarch arrived at that city, he ordered Meer Noor Mohummud, the governor of the province, into his presence; who came with his turban round his neck, a wisp of hay in his mouth, and his feet covered, all customary tokens of submission, which the conqueror required. When he had prostrated himself before the throne, Nadir called out, in a loud voice, and asked him if he had *a well full of gold?* The governor replied laconically, "Not one, but two." Nadir then demanded if he had the *Lal*, a celebrated large ruby, belonging to the Umeers of Sinde. Meer Noor Mohummed again made his former answer. The King threw up his handkerchief, and desired to be informed what the Meer saw on looking at it. He replied, "Nothing but troops and arms," which were naturally the ideas uppermost in his thoughts. "Then," said Nadir, "produce your gold and rubies." The governor called for a Koolee, or very large basket, made in divisions, and used for holding grain and flour, which he had filled, and placed on his right hand; he next ordered a skin of ghee, or clarified butter, to be put on his left, and said to the Shah, "I am a cultivator of the soil, and these are my gold and rubies, in which I shall not fail you." The king was gratified by the frankness of the answers he had received, and bestowed on him an honorary dress. Meer Noor Mohummed afterwards entertained the whole army and followers, (exceeding 500,000 people), for sixteen days, in the most princely manner, and without a symptom of scarcity.

M. * *.

SCENES IN THE EAST.

(Continued from page 166.)

PARYSATIS, THE PERSIAN GRISELDA.

BEZOORK, the faithful recorder of the royal Anderoon, present and past, with no more preliminary parley, resumed his tale.

"The brave old steward of his house, to whom the wicked minister of Baharam had consigned the merciless office of taking the hapless queen to the mountains; and leaving her there, exposed to all the horrors of the place, from wild beasts, or wilder men, the natives of the desert, took compassion on her innocence, and bade her take comfort.—He would lead her to the mountains, he said, but not to the dens of the leopard, or the lion; he knew of a safe asylum, in the most remote hill of the range which surrounded the vale of Oujon, and thither he would conduct her to its lasting refuge.—The only covenant he made with her, for this act of mercy, by which, if discovered, he should certainly lose his head, was, that she should take an oath, never to wander from the mountain; never to wear any other dress than the commonest garb of the lowest order of the people, and never to shew her face to any man; by which precautions, he hoped she might remain safely concealed all her life, and her preserver feel no risk of his. Parysatis, with tears of gratitude, called on the sun, the divine author of the being of her yet adored Baharam, to attest her vow, 'never indeed, to move from that mountain-sanctuary; never to wear aught but black sackcloth; never to look on the face of any man, with her eyes unveiled, till Mythras should bring her again into the arms of Baharam! And that,' added she, in weeping agony, 'will not be, till he does my innocence justice, in the heavenly palace of yon sun!'

The venerable Kashan was fully satisfied with the security of this invocation.—And having taken the queen away from the Anderoon, in a close litter, by night; brought her to a kiosk at the edge of the royal gardens, where the wicked minister who had planned her death was waiting; and before his profane eyes, her beautiful face was unveiled; while her arms and hands, of such snowy purity that the lily seemed foul

beside them, and which never man had touched but the lips of majesty, were rudely seized by the malignant wretch; and her person as roughly disrobed, by his audacious hands tearing off her regal mantle, and royal jewellery, of tiara, necklace, and bracelets. These indignities went to the soul of the injured princess; and, swooning in the arms of the kind, but affecting to be equally savage Kashan, she happily lost consciousness; till on re-awaking from her dream of death, she found herself again alone with the old steward. He fell on his knees, before her, entreating pardon; not of her royal state, for that was over; but of her gentle nature, oppressed with suffering! and which he had been obliged, even for her safety, to afflict still more. Parysatis was of too sensible a mind to need this apology; but she said to him, shrinking with horror on looking down on her new dress, put on her while she was in her swoon, 'It is not this black woollen that demeans me; that I shall put off in the pure stream, and wash it from the pollution of yon wicked satrap's touch. But what can ever rid myself! this face, these hands, this bosom, from the defilement of his finger, and his breath? Kashan, I tell thee, slay me! for I cannot bear the taint I feel upon me!'

"Kashan was a good man, and a wise man; having been brought up in the schools of the magi; and queen Parysatis, being of a reasonable mind, became appeased, and consented to live, on his representing to her, that what the heart wills not, can never really violate the purity of an essentially pure object; that she should regard the brutal attiring of herself by the ruffian satrap, as an act of no more real defilement of her person, than if she had accidentally dropped from her steed, into one of the morass pools in the valley of Oujon, when out viewing the hunters with the king. 'Do you think, Lalla!' continued he, 'that Baharam would not then have caught you in his arms, out of the danger; and though covered with mud, have pressed you, as a recovered treasure, to his heart? Would you, then, have said—Touch me not, I am polluted!'

"'No, no,' answered Parysatis, 'Baharam's arms would re-sanctify, even the spotted leprosy of a demon's breath. But I have now only memory, that I once was most precious to him, to heal the gangrene which the wretch he confided me to,—to murder, not defile, has left within my royal, woman's soul!'

"Kashan could say no more; nor would say more, having gained his purpose, in persuading the queen to live under her keen sense of disgrace; for he knew, that even the wisest women will have the last word in an argument; and therefore he thought it his own best wisdom, just to let it drop where it was. So mounting Parysatis on a poor looking, but sure-footed mule, and himself on another; away they rode together to the mountains.—It happened to be a fine moonlight, which was very fortunate; the road being exceedingly dangerous, from the multitude of pools before spoken of, in the vale itself, which being hidden amongst low thickets, or greened over like the grass of the plain, often betrayed both travellers and hunters to their death. But Kashan and his beautiful charge passed across the valley without any accident, or any delay, excepting when the queen stopped at the side of a very broad and deep morass, and shrieked aloud—'Behold my lord Baharam! save him, Kashan!' and suddenly throwing herself off her mule, towards the edge of the swampy pool, she fell prostrate on the ground. Kashan, in an amazement of double horror, looked forward, behind, around, every where, for the incensed monarch; who, he could not but suppose, had some way suspected his design of saving the repudiated queen; and that the royal arm would now be the ruthless executioner of both. But he could no where see the object his eyes had been directed to seek. Every part of the scene was completely solitary, and so still, that not a zephyr moved a leaf.—He got off his mule, and stooping to the queen, conjured her to rise; and remount her beast, to complete their journey, before Baharam, or his cruel minister, really might appear, and render all his good intentions to her of no effect. For now, the road was clear for escape, the king being no where visible. Parysatis, who had fallen on the earth, overwhelmed with terror, not for herself, but for the fate of the king; who, she now, tremblingly told Kashan, she had beheld, if not in reality, yet in as perfect an appearance as if he then stood before her;—for she had seen him rise, as it were, in his full hunting-dress and seated on his fleetest steed the Arabian Aldazeer, from out the centre of that morass; and in the twinkling of her eye, the animal made a plunge, and she saw the king sinking again into the horrible bed of mire, which rose as in huge black waves, to engulf him; her

astonishment-tied tongue then broke its ligature, and she had called aloud for succour to him whose life was dearer to her than her own.

"Kashan needed no bath to wash him from the stains of the muddy earth, on which he had bent, to lift up the agitated Parysatis! a sweat of horror bathed his venerable brow and beard.—Was it an omen, the injured princess had beheld in vision?—Was her innocence to be avenged, even in the very valley of the pastimes, where it had been wantonly doomed? He dared not answer these questions to himself; but he gravely replied to the queen—'Lalla, you have seen a phantom of your fancy; conjured by our late discourse, and combined with the image of him that has his throne in your bosom! may he live for ever! what more? let us mount, and pursue our journey.'

"They then travelled over hill and dale; through cleft and up acclivity, along precipice and clambering rocks, till they came to the valley of the *Assyob*, which means the 'fortress of the reapers;' and those reapers had been the tribes of the mountain, when they mowed down the quiet way-faring folk, they caught in the vales beyond.—But the king had driven these robbers farther into the mountains; and the old tower of the place became the residence of an old shepherd and his wife, who had recently lost their only daughter by a premature death, and there resigned themselves to a lonely old age, with no other companions than their flocks and herds. The slaves, their husbandmen, in mute sorrow, waited on the bereaved pair. Kashan explained to Parysatis the style of home he was taking her to—wild, but secure. When within another hour's travel of it, they entered a succession of close upland defiles, whose gradually darkling labyrinth brought them into a very deeply embosomed dell, where not a living creature seemed to exist; not a bird, not an insect, excepting a number of little red-headed lizards, with singularly sparkling eyes, which they discerned in different places, glancing under the moonlight, as they glided across their path amongst the stones. This chasm in the hollow of the mountain, was entirely of shattered stone; and here Kashan could not refrain from whispering in a low voice to the queen, the secret of the place. 'It had once been the huge marble palace of the great king Iscandeer; whose Anderoon of wives, more beautiful than the hourii, but with pas-

sions baser than the reptiles of the earth, conspired all in one night, to unite in compassing the death of their lord, and then each marry the Ethiop slave of the gardens, who had assisted her in the massacre.—There were five hundred and forty-five of these disloyal beauties. And on the night the murder was to be committed, and each lovely lip had separately touched the hand of the great king, when he laid himself down to repose on his golden couch, and each fair hand had performed its share in drawing the embroidered mantle of sleep over him—then the concealed dagger in each faithless grasp, was at once,—five hundred and forty-five stabs, made at a stroke!—plunged through the coverlid to the breast beneath. A horrible groan, as if every wound had a voice, pierced their ears, as the female assassins fled the chamber; pierced their ears, but not their inhuman hearts, for each blood-stained beauty went immediately to the couch of her expecting lover, and sunk into his arms.—But how did she awake?—how did all arouse from their visionary happiness, their actual guilt?—The eye of Mythras had read their monstrous designs; had sent a misleading delusion into their eyes.—For no king had entered the palace that night.—Each wicked wife of his bosom, had mistaken the Ethiop object of her groveling faithlessness, for the real lord of her vows; and, when all thought, by a fatal vision shed over them for that purpose, that they collectively slew the king, each in that very instant stabbed her sleeping paramour to the heart.—It was indeed, five hundred and forty-five groans they heard, in the moment when all the vile sharers in their murderous plot expired.—And when, while in imagination they fled from the sound, they actually sunk down covered with the rush of blood, by the side of the weltering body, and dropt into deathlike slumber. When each awoke, and each turned, to clasp her expected living lover, what was her horror, to behold his black cold corpse, and her intended bridal garments dyed in his stagnated gore!—The truth flashed on each guilty heart, and springing from the couch, upon the floor, each, in that moment beheld, no longer the sumptuous pavement of the palace, the gorgeous gilded columns of its roof, but a hard rocky surface, covered with blood-red lizards, running hither and thither, in a distraction of movement so unnatural to the reptile, and so alarming to the nerves of an apprehensive young beauty, that each attempted to make a spring back, to even the sanguinary couch she

had thrown herself from—when, lo! she discovered, she could only crawl, or glide swiftly like the rest—for that she had become a lizard also, with a sort of dagger-piercingness shooting through each eye, which tortured them into a double sparkling brightness. A voice then sounded deep and awful from the dome of the rock, telling the sad victims of their own guilt, that their doom was to live in penitential misery in that enchanted dell, till some faithful wife should pass that way—who should suffer a bloody and unjust sentence from her lord, and yet she make him afterwards wash that dell with a blood as loathsome with sin as that their hands had shed.—When that should be fulfilled, their horrible judgment should be appeased!

“‘Strange, very strange!’ remarked Parysatis.”

D.

(*To be continued.*)

PANTOMIMIC CLOCK.

At the great Clock-gate of Berne, about half way between the pavement and the pinnacle, is a large party of wooden bears, dressed like soldiers of the olden time, in coats, armour, and garbaldines; bearing, some a halberd, some a matchlock, and accompanied by several bears, who act in the capacity of trumpeters and kettle-drummers. Directly the clock begins to strike the hour, this company marches out of a little tower attached to the dial square, and, after nodding their heads to the people, walk to their original quarters. Above them sits an old pantaloon, with spectacles across his nose, acting as *dummy* on the occasion; but not far from him is a clown, who, seated like an Indian juggler, obeys the summons of the hour, by striking in return two bells, right and left, shaking his head meanwhile as whimsically as may be. At the very top of the clock tower, under a kind of belfry, stands a large figure in armour to strike the hour on a great bell: this exalted personage is frequently mistaken for a plumber mending the clock works. Besides all this, immediately above the arch of the gate, is stationed a cock, of gay and golden plumage, as large as life, who claps his wings and crows almost as genuinely as the real bird; an effect produced by mechanism acting upon some organ stops.

THE WIDOW OF THE LOIRE.

A simple Tale of Fact.

(Continued from page 133.)

And art thou then of brave Antonio's race?
There's kindred in the bosoms of the noble,
That needs not blood, nor heraldry, to blazon it!

THE sons of Madame de Bayard hastened down the narrow street, then darted across a ruined court-yard, belonging to an old uninhabited chateau, which stood near the river; and when quite removed from all eye or ear, Theodore seized the arm of his brother, and exclaimed wildly and desperately—"Armand, do you love your mother?"—"Alas, alas!" returned the boy, weeping bitterly, "you know I do."—"Would you die to save her?"—"I would!" replied the poor child, wringing his young hands; "but what good could that do?"—"Dare every thing, or see her perish!" cried the other, his eyes flashing madness and despair.—"Rob! snatch our parent from the grave! though a halter be our doom!"

Armand stood, petrified with horror—"Rob!" re-echoed he; and the word sounded from his lips, like the funeral knell of both. "Yes!" retorted Theodore, "shall those ruffians touch our mother's sacred person?—shall they cast her, like a loathsome mendicant, to die upon the mud heaps, where once the convent's hospitals housed the wretched! and shall these monsters talk to us of justice!—law!—Armand, I will dare it all alone! Stop me not; for it is easier to die, than to endure the dread that now possesses me, for her that gave us birth!"

He turned to spring over a low wall of the ruins, into the common path, when his brother caught his hand.—"I will share your fate!" cried the agonized boy, "take me with you, even to the axe of the guillotine!"

The brothers were soon hovering behind the trees of a remote part of the Boulevards, whence persons from the gambling-houses in that quarter, frequently started to their country lodgings. The darkness of night was gathering deep over every object, but no step drew near. During the awful watching,

Armand, young as he was, seized the interval, to shew his brother the crime he was meditating.

"Oh, Theodore!" cried he, while the scalding tears chased one another down his death-like face; "for the love of heaven, consider what you are going to do! You say, love for our mother impels you! can that be love for her, that would overwhelm her with shame? When our act is known, infamy must ever hang on our names; and the loss of honour would make her feel more abject, on any bed our guilt had procured for her, than if she died, as you say, in the common-sewers of the city, while we are innocent!—Besides, if we despise the opinions of men, how dare we provoke the judgment of God?—Oh, Theodore, think on that! Do not suspect, young as I am, that it is a boy's fear, which deters me from risking my life.—No; point but out a way, by which I could save, or comfort my mother, without offending my Creator, or dishonouring ourselves, and you shall find, that if I were to perish the next moment, the son of de Bayard would act worthy of his father!"

The voice of Armand sounded with a force and dignity, as if that very father spoke through his lips. Theodore was astonished: could this be from a boy of twelve years of age?—He almost thought some beneficent spirit had descended from its blest abode, and in the form of his brother, poured forth this timely admonition. He threw himself upon his brother's neck, and, in a passion of repentant tears, exclaimed, "Armand! you have saved me!—To God, I indeed, commit our fate!—Let us then return to our mother; and if she is to be cast out like Lazarus at the rich man's door, our arms will be there to cover her!"

Armand required no repetition of the request, to instantly obey his brother's propelling movement towards their wretched home. While hastening along a rather remote lane, which they thought would be a nearer way than the one they had come on their guilty errand, Theodore's foot slipped on the wet path, and he fell into an adjoining ditch. It was very deep, and quite perpendicular, having been part of an ancient moat. The bottom was morass and rank weeds, affording no ground whence the unlucky youth could attempt a spring. Armand leaned over the brink, and in vain by his feeble aid and stretched-out arm, tried to pull him up.—At last, Theodore, in searching about for some firm footing, found something like a knife by its han-

dle, and feeling it also had a very thick blade, he struck it into the side of the ditch, and stepping on it, then extended his hand to his brother, to assist his meditated spring, and scramble to the summit.—But just at the moment when Armand had taken hold of him, and escape seemed in the next instant, the supporting knife gave way in the mouldering wall of the moat, and Theodore fell with great force on his back, pulling Armand into the same horrid place—for horrid it was! The moon soon shone out, and shewed to them that the treacherous knife was a short poinard; that the spot on which they had fallen was clotted with blood, and their own hands and garments were clammy with the same; all of which must have flowed from the gaping wounds of a dead body, which lay near them, evidently recently murdered, half buried in the morass.

This dreadful spectacle was too much for Theodore. In accents of horror, he exclaimed—"This is a due punishment for my wickedness!—But why, just providence, should my innocent brother be brought to share the same guilty scene!"

"No; I am not innocent," answered the boy; "I was plunged in sin, the moment I consented to follow you to the deed; and God punishes the mind—the intent I mean,—though his mercy has saved us the double horror of the perpetration!—let us, then, thank Him for that, and his pardon may yet come to us!"

He had scarcely uttered the words, ere voices were heard approaching the ditch, and lights gleaming towards it. In a few seconds several men were on its brink, holding their flambeaux pointing to the bottom, as if to discern something that might possibly be there which they sought. At last, when about half a dozen paces from where the boys were crouching together, as far to the opposite side from the corpse as they could get, one of the men called aloud, that "He saw something of metal beneath, gleam in reflection of his light, which might probably be the buttons of the citizen colonel."—It was the buttons of Theodore's coat, which had given the fearful intimation; and instantly the officers of the police, (for it was a party of them, in search of the very colonel they had named,) leaped into the trench.

The same moment discovered to the bearers of so many lights the murdered man, and the two wretched brothers; clinging to each other, as if the very action were a mutual protection.

The body was immediately recognized to be that of the colonel, and a ladder being put down by some of the gens d'armes yet above, the father of the deceased descended. It may easily be conceived, how great his grief over the mangled remains of an only son; and who had become the victim, he did not doubt, of some villains from one or other of the gaming-houses, in the neighbourhood. This vice of his son had apparently been his only one; but it may be said to contain the germs of all others in that one!—The poor father, however, could now think of no alleviation for his loss; and, in the agony of his affliction, he ordered the two assassins to be immediately seized and dragged to prison.—But seized the boys were already, and the blood upon them, with the strange account they gave of themselves, (for it seemed incredible,) appeared sufficient evidence, that young as they were, they had been hired to commit the murder.—Vows, asseverations, and tears, were all in vain; the brothers were taken to the city prison, and bound in chains, and thrown into a dungeon. Armand then ceased to weep, and Theodore became silent: despair sat in the heart of the one, and appalled resignation in that of the other.

Meanwhile Genevieve, on re-entering her poor home, and finding the destruction of its situation, with redoubled gratitude blessed the charity of the garrison officer.—The contents of the purse he had given her, paid the demands of the hard creditor of her almost dying landlady; and having satisfied the unsparing avidity of the 'men of justice' besides, she gladly saw the poor half-broken door of the house closed upon them; and the daughter of the invalid busy herself in setting the miserable furniture they had nearly knocked to pieces, into their former places.—Small are the comforts of the poor, and for that very reason each is invaluable.—Even Madame de Bayard now looked around the apartment, no longer violated by these men's presence, saw her little table returned to its place by the side of her bed, and her daughter's chair before it; and felt herself at peace and in luxury!—But where were her sons?—They had left her, with agony in their words and looks, in the midst of the confusion!—Why did they not return?—Hour after hour dragged on, through the heavy, anxious, distracted night.—No appearance of them; no tidings of them.—At last, towards morning, the wearied nerves of the unhappy mother sunk into a profound, death-like sleep. Genevieve, unable to rest in any

degree of sane feeling, till she had herself sought her brothers, left the daughter of her landlady to sit by her mother, while a neighbour attended the good woman herself, and then hurried out into the streets. The first roll of the matin drum, for the sun-rise parade, was sounding from the garrison, just as she crossed into the very street in which she had seen the benevolent officer the evening before. She was running from side to side, enquiring of every new person who appeared at that early hour, whether they could give any account of her brothers!—Her appeal was so wild, and her language so incoherent, almost every body turned from her, with the vague replies people give to maniacs. Desperate, at last, she stood in the middle of the street, wringing her hands and calling aloud, forgetful any ear heard her but Heaven's.—

“They are lost for ever!—drowned! murdered! Oh, Power of Mercy, have pity on me!”

“Who do you seek! hapless innocent!” enquired a kindlier voice? she turned round, and again beheld the officer of the garrison.—“My brothers!” she cried, “my dearest brothers!” and then, having found a sympathizing ear that would listen to her agony, and seemed impatient to assist her; in a hurried way, she related the disconsolate manner in which they had left their home, and the horrid fears which possessed her mother and herself, on their continued absence.—“Nothing but death,” she cried, “I know, could hold them from us!—My brothers! oh, my brothers!” and, with the piercing ejaculation, her tears flowed like rain over her pale cheeks.

She had betrayed the name of her family in her recital.—He had just heard that two youths, answering the description she gave of her brothers, had been taken up for the murder of Citizen Colonel Dorville; and he was even then going to hear their first examination, when he met their sister; but to tell her of this circumstance, would have been to give her an alarm, worse than any her apprehensive imagination had conjured to her heart.—Hence, he only soothed her with expressing his conviction that she must hear of them soon; that he would himself seek them every where, and return in less than an hour, to give her some information! To this he so solemnly and earnestly pledged himself, and with such respect in his manner, that Genevieve could no longer shut her fullest confidence from him; and innocently laying her hand on his, she

impressively said—"God will bless you for this!—You are a soldier: the spirit of de Bayard will bless you! and for my part, should my mother's heart break at last, I will go into a convent, and pray for you all' my life!"

The officer wiped a starting tear from his eye; and having persuaded Genevieve to allow him to lead her safe to her poor home; he left her at the door, (followed indeed by her weeping gaze!) and hurried away to the prison, with his own heart full of the consequent scenes that might be demanded of him. But there was likewise *that* infused there, for the lovely daughter of de Bayard, which made him again and again ask himself, "How it could be, that this meek child of humbled rank,—this wan, pale, distressed, almost phrenzied young creature, should thus have seized, not on his compassion merely, but on his very being!" His soul, did indeed 'cleave unto her!' and he exclaimed, striking his own noble bosom—noble in virtues!—"Yes, lovely one!—Spartacus would fain mate with the daughter of Crassus, even when she is in the captive tent!—but wouldst thou smile on me, as she did on him, the first consul's bride would not be so rich a treasure in all her beauty and splendour, as thou in thy saintly, suffering meekness!"

The stern walls of the prison that held her brothers broke the soliloquy, and while given up to the issue of their fate, he rushed within the doors.

To be concluded in our next.

RETORT COURTEOUS.

DURING the war between England and Spain, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, commissioners were appointed on both sides to treat of peace. The Spanish commissioners proposed that the negociation should be carried on in the French tongue, observing sarcastically, that the "Gentlemen of England could not be ignorant of the language of their fellow subjects, their queen being Queen of France, as well as England." "Nay, in faith, gentlemen," replied Dr. Dale, one of the English commissioners, "the French is too vulgar for a business of this importance; we will, therefore, if you please, rather treat in Hebrew, the language of Jerusalem, of which your master is king, in which you must, of course, be as well skilled as we are in the French."

SCENES ON THE SPOT;

OR,

PARIS IN 1824.

BY CHRISTOPHER CRAYON, ESQ.

(Continued from page 151.)

WHEN we had finished our coffee and liqueur, Bonhommie took my arm, and we strolled on through the Palais Royal till we came to a house which I knew, from the number 154, to be a gambling-house, whose notoriety has made it known even in London. I protested against entering. Bonhommie laughed at my scruples; "My good friend," cried he, "what are you afraid of? You will find no fair sorceress to lure you to the gaming-table, no arts of persuasion will be employed to induce you to play; on the contrary, if I saw you inclined to risk any sum of consequence, I should immediately dissuade you."—"I am determined not to play," said I, "and therefore I do not like to go in."—"Oh, if that be all, have no scruple about entering; there will be some in your predicament; though, it must be owned, not a great many."

We mounted to the first story, and entered an anti-chamber, where we found some ruffian looking men, whom Bonhommie told me afterwards were called bull-dogs, a name which it must be owned is appropriate enough both to their appearance and situation, for it seems they are placed there to prevent the entrance of particular people. As they knew Bonhommie, and there was nothing suspicious in the cut of my face, they bowed to us civilly enough; and leaving our hats and sticks in the care of a man who gave each of us a number in return, we entered the *premier salle* of this grand pandemonium.

I cannot describe the melancholy sensation I felt on finding myself in this den of crime and folly, where honour, happiness, and even life, had been immolated on the altar of chance. Bonhommie said to me, in a hasty tone, "Excuse me for a moment, I must speak to a person I see yonder;" and crossing the room, I saw him engage directly in earnest conversation with an elegant looking young man. I stationed myself near

a *rouge et noir* table, and in a few minutes I was so lost in reflection on the scene before me, that I forgot my companion.

I have called it a pandemonium, and could the reader have seen the countenances I then contemplated, he would have agreed with me. The deep despair in the features of some, the triumph flashing from the eyes of others, the savage glance which the loser bestowed upon his adversary, and the air of insolent joy with which it was returned, formed a scene that was really appalling; and that contrasted strangely with the utter insensibility of the persons placed at the table to draw the cards, and to push up to the bank the money lost. These steadily pursued their occupation, regardless of the groans of the losing gamesters, no doubt hardened by the continual recurrence of the same scene.

As I stood looking on, I was joined by a man of shabby genteel appearance, and an air of pretension. He contrived, Heaven knows how, to let me know, in a few minutes, that this air was very well founded, for, by his own account, he was a person of uncommon merit, and had received abundant testimonies of regard from most of the crowned heads in Europe. He expected, I suppose, that this account of himself would have drawn some compliments and enquiries from me; finding that it did not, he shifted his ground, began to make some observations on the game, and remarked how necessary it was for strangers in such houses to be very careful whom they had to do with. I acquiesced in this speech by a look sufficient to intimidate any but a thorough-paced sharper, but my gentleman was proof to it. "You mean to play, I suppose, sir?" continued he, in an easy assured voice, "and I shall be happy to put you in the way of making a handsome sum."—"What do you mean, sir?" cried I, in an angry tone. "Nothing but what is perfectly honourable," replied he, with great calmness; "the fact is, that I have a sure method of calculating the chances, by following which, a man cannot fail to win; and as I see you are a stranger, and your appearance interests me, I shall be very happy to impart my knowledge to you."

"Here is a precious rascal," thought I, "to talk of playing at a game of chance, with the certainty of pocketing his antagonist's money; why, a highwayman, or a pickpocket is

honest in comparison with such a scoundrel." However, as I did not think it prudent to give vent to my anger, I contented myself with sternly declining his offer. "Perhaps," cried he, in the most obliging tone, "you are doubtful of the certainty of my system; but I will soon re-assure you on that point, if you will just be good enough to lend me ten francs, (for in changing my pantaloons I forgot to take my purse) and come and look over me while I play, I shall repay you directly."

I turned from him without reply, and gliding into a corner seated myself till I was joined by Bonhommie, who told me to follow him, which I did, into an apartment less lighted than the other, and without any apparatus for gaming. Sofas were ranged round it, on one of which a young man had thrown himself. On our entrance he started up, and would have passed, but Bonhommie caught him by the arm. "Let me go, sir: I must pass." "Certainly, but you will first hear me."—"I can hear nothing."—"Pardon me, you will; I bring with me a gentleman of your country, to be a witness to what passes between us: let that convince you nothing is meant but what is fair and honourable." I was so much moved by the noble appearance and evident agitation of the young man, that I could not help seizing his hand, and pressing it fervently. He threw a hasty glance at me, and then said in a softened tone, "Speak."—"I will be brief," cried Bonhommie: "the laws of honour ordain that the affront which you have given should be wiped away in blood."

"I know it, sir; I am ready."

"But my friend is not."

"How?"

"No," replied Bonhommie, in a calm and steady tone, "he is not. He is unprepared to rush into the presence of his God, or send a fellow-creature there, with all his sins upon his head. An old officer who has earned his croix de St. Louis by twenty-seven wounds honourably gained in the field of battle, may be permitted to emancipate himself from the dictates of false honour without tarnishing the glory he has acquired. He requires no apology from you, for a word said in a moment of passion, and which he is convinced you must instantly have repented of uttering. He waits to offer you his hand: say the word, and your difference will be for ever buried in oblivion."

"He has conquered me," said the young man in a tone of deep feeling; "yes, I acknowledge and blush for the blind rage which has made us guilty of a gross injustice."—"Enough," cried Bonhommie; and opening the door, an old officer whose countenance was one of the most prepossessing that I had ever seen, entered. The young man sprang towards him; neither spoke, but the air with which the other seized and shook his hand, sufficiently explained their feelings; in a few moments we all got sociable. Bonhommie introduced us to each other; we exchanged addresses, and parted with mutual promises of meeting often.

As Bonhommie walked home with me, he explained the scene I had just witnessed. The young Englishman, whom I shall call Sandford, had lost a trifling stake to the old officer, Mons. D'Ormesson, and, in a moment of ill-humour at being conquered, had made an observation, which must, if his antagonist had not been as distinguished for humanity as courage, have led to fatal consequences. "Happy would it be," continued Bonhommie, "for the peace and well-being of society, if such moderation were more frequent; but there are too many instances of disputes which occur in these houses being terminated by the sword; and still oftener does it happen that the wretched gamester turns his hand against his own life. The apartment which we have just quitted, and which, by the bye, is called the *Chambre de blessés*, because the losing gamester frequently retires there to vent his despair, has been the scene of a terrible catastrophe:—an unfortunate, who had lost his all, and had no means of destruction within his reach, precipitated himself from its window into the court below, and was taken up lifeless."—"Good heaven!" cried I, "how dreadful it is that such houses should be suffered to exist, or rather that they should be sanctioned by government!" "It is devoutly to be wished that they were not," replied he; "for in fact, gaming is the national vice. All classes of the French love play; you will see, as you pass through the streets, even the very shoe-blacks and apple-mongers at cards or dice. This pernicious passion is fed by the gambling-houses of different descriptions, to which all classes have admittance, and the servant or mechanic finds the same facilities of ruining himself by playing for *sous*, as the nobleman who stakes *louis d'ors*. The profit which the owners of these houses draw from them, notwithstanding the

large sums they pay to government, is immense; in effect, the part they have out of each stake is sufficient to prevent even the most lucky adventurer from ever realizing a fortune by gaming." These words recalled to my memory the very obliging offer I had received from my would-be benefactor in the gaming-house. Bonhommie laughed heartily at it: "your conscience might have been perfectly at rest, if you had accepted it," cried he, "for your own calculations would be just as infallible as that worthy gentleman's, who is an odd mixture of rogue and fool. He has ruined himself by gaming. If you had lent him your money and he had lost it, he would have told you unblushingly that he must play a certain number of games before the chances were fixed in his favour, and would have requested the loan of a little more money. We have plenty of those ingenious calculators, who, though they are not worth a shilling themselves, generally offer to put the public in possession of mines of wealth, by teaching them how to break all the gaming-banks, and to choose the lucky numbers in the lottery. No sooner does a stranger enter such a house as that which we have just quitted, than he is seized upon by one of these obliging gentlemen, who have so many different modes of attack that they frequently succeed in drawing something from his purse. But their proceedings are positively modest, compared to the advertisements which sometimes appear in Galignani's paper. One gentleman informs the public that, after thirty years intense study, he has discovered an infallible method of gaining in the lottery: he has formed three distinct plans, by each of which money to a certain amount must infallibly be gained; and he generously offers to communicate these wonderful discoveries, for a moderate sum for each; provided that the cash is paid before the experiment is made. Another respectable person will teach, upon reasonable terms, the secret of ensuring success at all games, by which you are always sure to win; while its apparent fairness will be a certain means of inducing people to play with you, who would be too cautious to risk their money on a game of chance. This last scoundrel, by the way, is a more bold-faced villain than his brother projectors; and ought, I think, to come under the *surveillance* of the police as a public robber."

By this time we had reached my lodgings, when, at parting, Bonhommie said that he had an engagement for dinner the

following day, but that he was at my service for the whole of the morning. We set out accordingly, after breakfast, to take a peep by day-light at the *Palais Royal*.

There are few spots that have been represented in more opposite colours than this; for while some tourists dwell with exaggeration on the elegance of the buildings, the beauty of the shops, &c. others deny them every sort of merit. The truth, however, lies between both these statements. The palace, properly so called, which is now the residence of the Duke of Orleans, is, in reality, a magnificent building, of noble proportions, and great architectural merit; but joining, as it does, a low, close bazaar, divided into narrow unpaved alleys, and lined with petty shops, its effect is greatly injured, and the stranger of correct taste becomes so disgusted with the incongruous mixture, that he can hardly allow to the palace itself, that excellence which it may justly claim.

The interior, to which strangers can have access whenever the Duke is absent, corresponds to the magnificence of the exterior: and is furnished and decorated partly in the style of Louis the XIV. and partly in the modern taste; it is principally remarkable for the pictures, of which there are a great many by celebrated masters. These have been collected by the present Duke, who is not only an admirer of painting, but is also said to possess considerable judgment and taste. There are several ancient and modern portraits in the collection; one of William Tell, by Steuben, is inimitably executed; as is also a small picture by Vernet, of Buonaparte examining a map, it is said to be the best likeness of him existing; but this is certainly the last place in which one would expect to find it.

Although the limits I have prescribed to myself will not allow me to give a description of the apartments, I must not omit mentioning the *gallerie dorée*. This magnificent room is more than eighty feet long, and thirty wide, having eight windows; opposite to which are corresponding frames in glass. Along the gallery is a range of Corinthian pillars decorated from the capitals to the middle of the shafts with dead gold. One may easily imagine the magnificent effect which this display of gilding, reflected in so many mirrors, must produce, especially when the number of lustres of immense size and great beauty, with which the room is ornamented, are lighted up. I well remember, upon one occasion

of that kind, gazing upon it with peculiar pleasure, because it recalled forcibly to my mind those superb palaces of gold and diamonds, the description of which, in the Arabian Tales, had so often delighted me in my boyish days.

While the never-silent Bonhommie was descanting upon all that seemed to him worthy of notice, as we proceeded from room to room, my mind flew back to the origin of the palace, and the various scenes of which it had been the theatre. Built by the artful and ambitious Cardinal Richelieu, it might be said, during his life, to partake of his fortune, for he converted it by degrees from the house of a private gentleman into a splendid palace, to which he gave the name of Palais Cardinal. He afterwards presented it to Louis XIII. but with a stipulation that he should retain the possession during his life-time. It became the residence of the royal family during the minority of Louis XIV. upon which it assumed the name of Palais Royal. That monarch afterwards presented it to his nephew the Duke of Orleans, in whose family it remained till they lost it by the execution of that monster Egalité, in 1798; when the greatest part of it was converted into café's and gambling-rooms, and the rest of it allotted to the hall of the Tribunes, and to the residence of the President and the two Questors. It assumed then the name of Palais de Tribunat; but on the accession of Buonaparte, when royalty was once more the mode, it resumed its old appellation, and on his downfall returned to the possession of its former masters, who however were, subsequently, for a season dispossessed of it by Lucien Buonaparte, who took possession of it on his brother's return from Elba, and, who, in his turn, was driven out by the second entrance of the king; since which time it has remained in possession of the Duc d'Orleans.

One may say, without fear of contradiction, that no other palace in Europe has been the theatre of so many crimes. It was in it that the ambitious and intriguing Richelieu formed those schemes of revenge which brought more than one noble head to the block; here his successor, the equally crafty and more relentless Mazarin, laid those plans, which during the war of the Fronde, cost France so dear. Who does not blush at the recital of those profligate scenes, of which it was the theatre, during the minority of Louis XV? and who can read, without shuddering, the revolting details of mingled cruelty and

debauchery that its orgies furnished in the time of the infamous *Egalité*? It was in view of this palace that this monster received the last insult which the popular frenzy, that his own atrocious arts had raised, could offer. As they were conveying him to the guillotine, the executioner stopped the cart in front of his palace, in order, as he was told, to give him an opportunity of seeing it for the last time.

Quitting the palace by the entrance to the Rue St. Honore, we traversed the bazaar, of which I have just spoken, into the grand centre of attraction, the garden; surrounded on three sides by elegant houses, four stories high, which present an uniform facade, pierced by lofty arches, between which are Corinthian pilasters, supporting an entablature and balustrade, decorated with urns. The interior of the piazza is divided into shops and coffee-houses; the former of such confined dimensions, that you have hardly room to turn in them, but filled with every thing that can tempt the eye or the palate. The goods are very tastefully displayed; but shops of any description are, certainly, not in unison with the elegance of the upper stories, and still less when they are so exceedingly small; but a yet more glaring defect is the shabby appearance of the *gallerie du Bois*, a contemptible range of wooden shops about twelve feet high, lighted by a sky-light. As the back of those shops is turned to the garden, they present only the appearance of so many miserable huts, and certainly detract greatly from the fine effect of the other three sides of the building. I must not forget to observe that the major part of the apartments on the first floor are occupied by *restaurateurs*, *cafés*, and gambling-houses. Single gentlemen, also, sometimes take private lodgings here; and it must be owned that they want either a temperament of ice, or a large stock of philosophy, to shield them from the thousand temptations by which they are environed. The upper stories are mostly tenanted by *filles de joie*, who do not show themselves in the garden till the evening, when they promenade it, or hasten to the subterranean *cafés* generally known as the rendezvous of low gamesters, and *mauvais sujets* of every description.

The garden, which forms a parallelogram of seven hundred feet by three hundred, is laid out in gravel walks, skirted by lime trees; in the middle is a handsome circular basin, from the centre of which the water is thrown up to the height of

fifty feet, falling down in the form of a wheat-sheaf; this *jet d'eau* has really a beautiful appearance, and renders the garden a delightful promenade in warm weather. It is generally crowded, but you seldom see elegant women, nor are the habitual loungers, in general, of the purest description in point of morals. The recollections connected with the garden and the surrounding buildings, are not less tragical and revolting than those which the palace itself recalls: most of the plots which during the revolutionary era convulsed France, have been hatched in its environs, and it was within its bounds that the revolutionary spirit first manifested itself.

(To be continued.)

SIR JOHN DUDDLESTONE.

THE following story, which is taken from an old Bristol newspaper, deserves preservation; especially as it appears to be founded on fact, though some of the circumstances have an air of exaggeration which perhaps renders the anecdote so much the more amusing. The scene at court bears some similitude to one in the legendary ballad of the Miller of Mansfield. Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, happening to be at Bristol, went on the exchange, with only one attendant, a military officer. He continued there till most of the merchants had left the place; none of them having addressed him, or paid him any particular respect. However he was not intirely neglected, for one John Duddlestone, a boddice-maker, then residing in Corn-street, went up to his royal highness, and asked him if he was not the Queen's husband. On being answered in the affirmative, Duddlestone said he had observed, with a good deal of concern, that none of the rich citizens had invited his highness to dinner; and that as it would be a scandal to the loyal city of Bristol for her Majesty's consort to dine at an inn, he hoped that he would go and dine at his house, and bring the gentleman with him; adding that he could offer them roast beef and a plumb-pudding, with some ale of his own brewing. The Prince, probably amused by the whimsical politeness of the stay-maker, accepted his proffered entertainment, and immediately proceeded to his house.

On the arrival of the party, Duddlestone called to his wife, who was up stairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron and come down, for the Queen's husband and another gentleman were come to dine with them. She speedily made her appearance with a clean blue apron, and was graciously received by the Prince. After dinner Prince George asked his host if he ever visited London. He replied, that since the ladies had worn stays instead of boddices he had sometimes gone thither to buy whalebone. On which the Prince desired him to take his wife with him when he went again, at the same time giving him a card to facilitate his introduction at court.

Not long after this visit Duddlestone had occasion to make a journey to the metropolis, and taking his old dame on a pillion behind him, they proceeded thither. With the assistance of the card they found easy admission to the Prince, and by him they were introduced to the Queen, who invited them to an approaching entertainment at court. They were informed that it would be necessary they should have new dresses for the occasion, which they were allowed to choose for themselves. Observing that the Prince had on a suit of purple velvet, they both fixed on the same, which was accordingly provided for them. Appearing at the appointed time, they were introduced by her Majesty to the assembled courtiers, as the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol; and the only ones who had invited the Prince, her husband, to their house.—After the entertainment, the Queen commanded her guest to kneel down, laid a sword on his shoulder, and (to use Lady Duddlestone's own words) said to him "Ston up, Sir Jan." The new knight was then offered money or a place under government, to enable him to support his dignity. He very considerably declined accepting either, informing her Majesty that he had fifty pounds out at use, and that he apprehended from the number of persons he saw about her she must be at great expence in housekeeping. The Queen, however, presented the gold watch from her side to Lady Duddlestone; and her ladyship, delighted with the gift, ever after wore it when she went to market suspended over a *blue apron*, not less vain of the gift of royalty than a young nobleman would have been of a blue riband.

M. J.

MACDONALD'S COTTAGE.

THIRTY years ago, there lived, on the banks of the Spey, a fair young woman called Maria Græme. Her father, Græme of Ara, had almost the power of a petty prince in that country; and used his might of sway rather as a prerogative of a thousand years standing, than as a mark of respect to noble birth and immense possessions.

Maria was his eldest daughter, and shone the very sun of Ara-castle. Her mother was a sickly woman of fashion, and, shivering at the breeze beyond the drawing-room, left her children to their own inclinations, perfectly satisfied that under the care of a strict governess they would not be allowed to direct them wrong.

With the youngest branches, Miss Martin's authority was still all-sufficient; but Maria, at sixteen, was insensibly becoming her own mistress; and a lesson at music, when half an hour could be snatched from the gay guests of the castle, was all that now remained of Miss Martin's charge, or Maria's tuition. It is true, Miss Martin was not so willing to forget as her pupil, but Maria was now constantly called away to entertain her mother's visitors, and to go on pleasuring excursions with them and her father.

Upon the estate of Ara, there was a farmer whose family had rented the same lands from generation to generation, nearly coeval with the ancient family of Græme itself, until Macdonald of Glenquair became almost a name of celebrity likewise. This growing distinction did its owners no good; the grandfather of the present Macdonald had been young, with one of the Lairds of Ara. Græme had been of frank and social habits; and the young farmer, taken notice of by the laird, and invited frequently to the castle, forgot the prudence that had been the guide of his forefathers, and involved himself in difficulties, from which no after reflection or prudence could extricate him.

About the same time, the Laird of Ara died, and was succeeded by a distant branch; who, although he had no personal knowledge of Macdonald, yet, in consideration of the length of years he and his fore-fathers had been retainers of the family, dealt as gently with his ruined affairs as possible; and procured for his son a commission in the army: the elder Macdonald,

whose spirit was as proud as if he had been born a chieftain, sunk under the distresses his own imprudence had brought on, and died of heart-break the very evening of the day he removed to his shepherd's cottage, which was now all the house he was able to afford.

Ten years afterwards, his son came home; a captain on half-pay; a widower, with only one son. A sister of his father's was still residing in the cottage where old Glenquair had died; and to that humble roof, as his only home, did the gallant, but poor Captain Macdonald retire.

Miss Jeanie Macdonald had farmed the small farm, now remaining, in her nephew's absence, and had improved the cottage as much as its simple structure and her straightened means would allow. The return of her nephew was an era in the calm secluded life of Miss Jeanie; she had begun the world in affluence; with numerous friends and companions; but when adversity came, and she was obliged to leave the handsome, comfortable house that had once opened its doors as hospitably as her own kind heart, Miss Jeanie had to prove, that friends could forget, as well as wealth fly away.

It was Miss Jeanie's first observation on coming to the cottage:—"Ah, weel! its nae sae ill after a'; gen we had only a bed for a freen." The remark was kind, but useless—a few cold visits after Glenquair's death, closed Miss Jeanie's acquaintance with her gentle neighbours, and, except a call now and then from some poor cottar, whose memory was more tenacious of past favours, her lonely cottage was left in the solitude in which nature had placed it.

All that Captain Macdonald brought with him was his half-pay and a shattered constitution; he had entered life with all the sanguine hopes of youth; here they ended in a highland glen, a heather cottage, and seven shillings a day. His health was miserably bad; a long existence he had no prospect of; and what he was to do with his boy weighed heavily upon his depressed spirits. He had felt the slights, disappointments, and sorrows, that a poor man has to encounter in public life; and almost wished that his son would content himself to follow the plough in retirement, and screen himself amongst his lonely highland hills, from the envenomed shafts that ever fly about in the paths of the world.

Allan Macdonald, at the time he came to the cottage, was in

his thirteenth year; he had gone constantly about with his father, and owing to that circumstance, was farther advanced in manners than in education. Several old acquaintance came to wait on Captain Macdonald, at Glenquair, but his health being bad he declined mixing in company, cultivating alone the society of the clergyman, who, for a moderate salary, received Allan as a pupil, to study along with two young lads who were boarded with him.

Allan, however, was much fitter company for a man than a boy; always accustomed to the society of his seniors, and made a confidant as well as a companion, on all occasions, by his father, he had acquired a seriousness of speech, and a steadiness of deportment, that would have suited five-and-twenty, instead of thirteen.

In Miss Jeanie's eye's he was a perfect miracle of goodness; "Hoo Allan could be sae wise, an' quiet, and bit a laddie after a'," was her subject of never-ceasing wonder and admiration. In short, he became her oracle and her idol; and when Allan was returning from his studies at the Manse, the first person he met near home was Miss Jeanie, waiting for him at the stile, with her kind welcoming smile, and her "Come awa, my laddie."

Captain Macdonald lived to see Allan attain his eighteenth year, and then sunk into the grave, weary of this world and its disappointments.

Allan, on his father's death, endeavoured in vain to fix on some plan for his future life. The ambition inherent in generous youth made him wish to seek a busier scene; but the grief of Miss Jeanie, when he spoke of leaving Glenquair, made him postpone, from day to day, his decision; and continue, as he had done for the two preceding years, to look after their little farm, and guide the plough himself.

While Allan alleged that it was the entreaties of Miss Jeanie that kept him at Glenquair, a strict enquiry into his own heart might have discovered another cause of delay, of which Miss Jeanie was perfectly innocent;—he had got acquainted with Maria Græme, through the means of her brothers, who, frequently meeting and joining him on the hills in search of game, had brought him to the castle, and insisted upon his visiting there. Ara himself had given him a most cordial welcome; he had waited on Captain Macdonald shortly after his return,

and although no intercourse had followed that visit, yet he received the son after a lapse of five years, with hospitality and kindness, and gave him a general invitation to the castle.

Macdonald, who had, in a manner, been forced to the castle by young Græme, made it long before he showed himself there again; he was proud and poor; and felt the difference between their lofty castle and his humble cottage too much, to seek a frequent contrast, either in their estimation or his own. But after a few visits that politeness would not allow him to refuse, and a seat near Maria had brought them better acquainted, Macdonald's scruples gave way; and Miss Jeanie had often to sit long evenings by herself that had formerly been spent with Allan, at his book or flute. Miss Jeanie, however, far from begrudging the want of his company, was delighted at his becoming a visitor at the castle, and was sure to sit up for him and open the casement that her light might guide and cheer him through the glen.

Glenquair was nearly four miles from Ara by the public road, but there was a path along the mountains that to young and bold feet shortened the distance to little more than one. Every stone and craig of this wild path was now become familiar and dear to Macdonald. Up it he climbed with the dawning day to wait for Maria Græme, whose early steps brought her wandering through the mountains; or, at night, he descended, his hand trembling with the parting touch of Maria's, and his heart palpitating with the soft accents that had bid him "Gude night."

It was in vain now that Miss Martin called on Maria, not a note could she play aright; her thoughts were away with Macdonald, and Miss Martin scolded to one who heard her not.

C. B. M.

(To be continued.)

SIR NICHOLAS BACON.

QUEEN ELIZABETH made him Lord Chancellor and Secretary of State. The Queen, when she visited him at Hertford, said "This house is too small for a man like you."—"Madam," replied the Chancellor, "it is your Majesty's fault, for you have made me too large for my house."

THE BARONET.

“ Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in fondest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food—
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach.—Such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.

SHAKESPEARE.

GEORGE BOYLE had just finished his education, as a student at law; had entered and passed through all the necessary courts of law; and at three-and-twenty commenced business for himself, at Limerick, in Ireland. He had, however, many difficulties to encounter; he was very young, without friends or interest, and though uncommonly clever, his success in the world was doubtful, as he had no friend to push him forwards. He was unremitting in his attention at his office; studied early and late, attended sales, introduced himself as well as he could into company, but all to little purpose; for half a year passed and found him with only a very few pounds in pocket from his profession. He began, indeed, to despair of ever making even a comfortable living, and sometimes seriously thought of removing to some other county, for all his applications to be taken as a junior partner, had been rejected. He had been musing, one day, upon the little encouragement which he had met, when, being more than usually depressed, he caught up a newspaper which lay upon the table, in order to divert his thoughts to another channel, his attention was attracted by the following paragraph, among the deaths.—

“ On Monday last, at his house in Dublin, Francis Stranaford Kenedy, Bart. universally beloved and lamented. The title, with the fine estates and immense wealth of Sir Francis, devolves upon a distant relative, Charles Kenedy, Esq. whose amiable character had so justly endeared him to the late Baronet, that for many years, previous to his decease, Mr. K. was his constant and favourite companion.”

Mr. Boyle, throwing down the paper, began to consider if it were only surmise, or whether he had not, at an earlier period of his life, heard an old servant of the Kenedy's exclaim

in a mysterious tone, "that when good Sir Francis died, he should much marvel if Maister Charles never came to the estate, and if there would not be a greater noise about it than any one reckoned of then." The old man, however, had since died, and therefore he had no hopes of obtaining an explanation; he had, certainly, heard it hinted that Sir Francis' Stranaford Kenedy had nearer relatives living than Charles Kenedy; but how to ascertain the fact, was now the question, though at the best the story appeared, upon the whole, highly improbable, for wiser heads than his, would, he thought, have long since found it out; at all events, in puzzling out the genealogy of Sir Francis, Mr. Boyle considered that he should not waste time, for he had nothing to do, and it certainly would be an amusement.

Having in a short time business which called him to Dublin, he visited the country seat of Sir Francis, and made very diligent enquiries; but with no success. The people stared when interrogated about his ancestors, and said they knew nothing about them, but that Sir Charles was beloved by every one, and that if he meant any ill by him, he had better take heed; for there were those who would stand by him, and care little about shedding blood too on a pinch. Discouraged in those attempts, George Boyle, merely for lack of employment, searched into the genealogy of the Kenedy's, and found that Sir Samuel Kenedy, grandfather to the late Sir Francis, had issue, John, who had married the only daughter and heiress of Lord Stranaford, by whom he had Francis Stranaford Kenedy, who died a bachelor; Edward, who for some misdemeanor had been sent from home, and never after mentioned; Eleanor, who died in her infancy; and Charles, from whom descended the present Sir Charles Kenedy. Having ascertained so far, the young lawyer was lost in conjecture how he should find any clue to the family of Edward Kenedy, if he should have lived and left issue. Inquiring of the oldest tenants and dependants of the Kenedy family, the only information he obtained, was, that such a person as Edward Kenedy did once exist, because the register of his birth was entered in the parish book, and because it was still a common saying amongst the oldest servants of the hall when any one was very passionate, "that they were more furious than a bull, and as mad in rage as Maister Edward Kenedy;" for the saying had been handed

down from father to son, with many a marvellous tale of the untameable passion of the second son of Sir Samuel; whom the least trifle irritated, and whose temper was so dreadful that he was universally feared and disliked, whilst his very relatives avoided his presence, as the only way to preserve peace; but a violent quarrel having, at last, taken place, had ended in a final separation. Edward Kenedy left the house of his father in a fury which had almost likened him to a maniac, entered the army, and never being heard of afterwards, it was supposed that he had died soon after leaving the British isles. It was, however, at length ascertained that, before he had left Ireland, he had married the daughter of a poor labourer, whom he had made the companion of his wanderings—her father had been questioned about her, but from the time she had left him, he had neither seen nor heard of her; it had been also rumoured that he had been obliged, from the wretched state of his health, to leave the regiment within a few years after he went abroad, as it was understood, on his return to Ireland; but after that all clue to him had been lost.

George Boyle was indefatigable in his attempts to discover the descendants of Edward Kenedy, if he should have any, or, at least, to gain surer intelligence about him; but all his efforts were unavailing; and, at last, he gave up the pursuit, laughing at the foolish presentiment which had induced him to commence it; whilst he seriously thought fortune was determined, in his every undertaking, to play him the traitor. But his professional pursuits answered no better, for there were several very eminent attorneys at Limerick, and his claims were quite overlooked in the larger practice and older experience of the others.

About a year after the death of Sir Francis, he was unexpectedly called upon to make the last will of a poor man, who, he was told, was lying on his death-bed. The name, John Kenedy, surprised him, whilst it revived the hope which he had long since laid aside, that he should at last find a clue to the enquiry he had so long and so unsuccessfully prosecuted. Kenedy's residence was about twenty miles from Limerick; and to the distance he, perhaps, owed the employment; as the messenger had been hastily dispatched for a notary, without specifying whom.

The cabin of John Kenedy was much neater than the generality of Irish cottages, and Mr. Boyle was greatly pre-

possessed in favour of its inmates. The wife, an interesting young woman, was weeping bitterly: "My poor John, and he will die," she said; "you will, if you please, sir, go up; for he will have his last testament made, that no one may rob his poor wife.—God bless him! he has been a good husband, and may Jesus preserve me when he is gone,"—and throwing herself upon a chair, she screamed and sobbed hysterically. George Boyle was deeply affected, and if possible still more so when he beheld the wan and death-like appearance of the husband. He appeared about eight-and-twenty, and his manners were very superior to those of the poor Irish. It might be fancy, but even in his very gestures there was an air of superiority; his voice was uncommonly weak, and his whole frame appeared exhausted by illness, yet he exerted himself to the utmost, and in a very few words informed his attorney that, having a little property to dispose of, he wished to secure it all to his wife, after making a small settlement upon his mother. "Not," he said, "that he supposed she would want, for he hoped his brothers and sisters would be kind to her; yet in case they should not, he wished to make some provision for her old age, and he could very well do it, without robbing his poor wife, for he had worked hard and had saved a tolerable sum."

The will being made, the lawyer anxiously inquired if he had lived long in Ireland. "All my life," was not an answer likely to encourage his hopes; yet he still continued his questions, and inquired if his father had lived there also.—"Yes, he had been dead a number of years, but he had lived in Ulster."—"Did he reside there also many years?" Mr. Boyle enquired.—John Kenedy could not exactly tell, as he was scarcely two years old when he died, but he had heard his mother, who was an Irish woman, and had a large family, frequently say that he had been a great deal abroad.—"Was your father an Irishman by birth?" Kenedy appeared impatient at the number of questions put to him, and asked for what purpose he was so catechised?—he had sent for an attorney to make his will; it was done; and he required nothing more from him. "But when I tell you," said Boyle, "that so far from being myself interested in these enquiries, I think it is in my power to be of service to you and your family, I trust you will no longer think me impertinent.—Am I correct, was your father Irish by descent?" The invalid's countenance brightened as he said,

"he believed that he was; he fancied he was born abroad, but he knew that he was descended from an Irish family; indeed he was certain that his father had served in some foreign wars, because, in one very terrible engagement, he had lost an arm, and his mother had often told him that he used to say it was a judgment upon him for not fulfilling the dying words of his parent, who with his last breath, charged him, as soon as he should have seen his interment, to go to Ireland.—He had told him that he was descended from an Irish family of rank, but had died ere he had mentioned any particular names." John Kenedy added, that he knew nothing more, excepting that his grandfather had been very solicitous that the register of his marriage should be preserved, saying it might some time or other prove of great benefit. "And have you it now?" the attorney quickly inquired. "Yes, and it has proved of no use in this wide world, but my father would have it kept and his own also; my mother still has them, and, if you will take the trouble of going into Antrim, I dare say she will very willingly let you look at them, and will tell you a great deal more than I can." Mr. Boyle paused: it was a long journey; with but a distant prospect of remuneration, yet he felt almost confident his enquiries would most likely be crowned with success. Endeavouring to glean every possible information, he continued, "I think you said your mother was still living with a large family?" Yes, there are ten of us."—"And are you the eldest?" "No; Samuel is two years my senior, and a very clever fellow he is,—and I have eight brothers and sisters younger than myself—for soon after my poor father's death my mother married again; but Michael O'Reilly, who made her a very good husband and was very kind to us, and of Samuel especially fond and proud, is dead also;—so my poor mother is again a widow. She is, however, thank God, very tolerably comfortable, and I had the good luck to settle early, very well for myself, in life, although it was a great distress to fix so far from my friends, but I got a good wife—and its a great trial so soon to part from her." Here John Kenedy burst into tears. Mr. Boyle having used every effort to compose his agitated spirits, and after addressing a letter to Mrs. O'Reilly, begging her to send the registers or copies of them by the earliest post, and holding out distant hopes of being able to benefit her family, left the poor invalid.

H.

(To be continued.)

**OBSERVATIONS
ON THE CHARACTER OF THE BRETONS.**

From "Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Brittany, and other parts of France, in 1818, &c."

BY MRS. CHARLES STOTHARD.

SINCE we have been at Rennes, we have remarked how much even the better class of people differ from the French; they have not the least trait of their complaisance, but address you in a rough and brutal way. We have observed also their excessive dislike of the English; and I cannot here omit relating a trifling incident that will serve to illustrate the character of gentlemen Bretons, for I believe they are all very much alike. I was yesterday making a sketch of Port St. George, an ancient gateway in the outskirts of the town, when several persons, habited like gentlemen, came up, and very unceremoniously placed themselves about me. I imagine they consider it impossible a foreigner could understand French; for they were very personal in their remarks, and amused themselves with conjecturing who I might be. At last they agreed I was either Italian or English; but from my dress they determined the latter, and because all English women were little creatures. This remark introduced a conversation upon the general character of our nation, which they abused in good set terms, without moving from their station. As I resolved to finish my drawing, I mustered up courage sufficient to continue it, without heeding their rudeness; till one of them wishing to gratify his curiosity by staring me in the face, placed himself between me and the object I was delineating. I motioned with my hand for him to move; but this he did not, or would not understand. I then, in few words, civilly begged him to get out of the way. Immediately one of them exclaimed,—“She speaks French: do all the women in England speak French?” I took no notice of this, determined that I would not give up an English spirit, and be driven from my seat by impertinence. These Breton gentlemen then entered into a fresh discourse upon French and English literature, and agreed that all we possessed was borrowed from the French, and that our best editions of Shakespeare, were a translation from Voltaire, who had given him beauties of his own, which the original never possessed.

Whilst they were thus displaying their knowledge of such wonderful literary mysteries, a French officer came up, who knew these men, and seem surprised at their intrusion. He begged them to remove, and politely apologized for their impertinence; assuring me that he was no Breton, and that if I knew the people as he did, I should find them the most brutal mannered, either in France or any other country. The excessive dislike the people of Brittany bear towards the English, is to be attributed, in a principal degree, to the idea they have formed, and yet entertain, respecting the conduct of England in the affair of Quiberon-bay, where our administration, during the war, landed a number of French emigrants to join the Royalists. These unfortunate persons were all slaughtered in the action that ensued, and the French government, always desirous of disseminating amongst the people a hatred towards the English, caused a report to be circulated in Brittany, that we had sent the emigrants to Quiberon, for the purpose, of being there murdered. I was walking yesterday with Mr. Stothard, in Rennes, when he stopped at the door of a shop, to examine a large map of Brittany. Mr. Stothard looking for Auray, traced his finger along the map, till he paused at the mark of the celebrated druidical remain, and turning to me, said, "there is Cornac." An officer who chanced to be passing at the moment, came up to him, and, with a fierce look, placed his own finger upon the map, exclaiming, "And there is Quiberon!" A subsequent letter finishes the picture of Breton brutality. Going from Rennes to Cloermel, Mrs. S writes—

"We continued our journey in this wildly picturesque country, passing through thick forests of chesnut-trees with which Brittany abounds. By the road-side, or in the fields, many wretchedly dirty-looking women were loitering with the distaff in their hands, watching their cows and goats. The Bretons dwell in huts, generally built of mud; men, pigs, and children, live all together, without distinction, in these cabins of accumulated filth and misery. The people are, indeed, dirty to a loathed excess, and to this may be attributed their unhealthy, and even cadaverous aspect. Their manners are as wild and savage as their appearance; the only indication they exhibit of mingling at all with civilized creatures, is, that whenever they meet you, they bow their heads, or take off their hats in token of respect. I could not have supposed it possible that human nature endured an existence so buried in dirt, till I came into this

province. The common people are apparently in the very lowest state of poverty: In some parts of Brittany, the men wear a goat-skin dress, and not unlike De Foe's description of Robinson Crusoe: the furry parts of the dress is worn outside; it is made with long sleeves, and falls nearly below the knees. Their long shaggy hair hangs dishevelled about their shoulders, the head being covered by a broad flapped straw or beaver hat. Some few of the Bretons go without shoes or stockings; but the generality wear sabots, and thrust straw into them, to prevent the feet being rubbed by the pressure of the wood. You frequently see the women, both old and young, sauntering along the fields with the distaff, employed in spinning off the flax. The girls carry milk upon their heads, in a vessel of rather an elegant form, somewhat resembling the common Roman household vessels.' "We continued travelling, in the hope of coming into some town or village, where we might obtain refreshment; for, in consequence of leaving Rennes so early, we had not breakfasted, and unfortunately, my little basket, from neglect, was unsupplied. You may imagine, therefore, that the postilion's annunciation of a town being in sight, was a most agreeable intelligence to persons numbed with cold, and sick for want of food. Accordingly at noon we arrived at Pleilan, to us the land of promise, and, like many such lands, affording only disappointment, augmented by the comfortable hopes we had indulged. The horses, who, from custom, knew their resting place, jogged on at a full trot, that was soon abated by the mud, through which they had to wade in passing down the village-street. Pleilan consists of a few miserable houses, inhabited by the pallid and dirty natives of Brittany. Before their doors several children, covered only by a few tattered garments, were paddling for very sport, in the pool of slush that floods the street; their savage manners and wretched looks, begrimed as they were with dirt, gave them the appearance of little imps appertaining to some lower world."

We stopped at the entry of what is termed an inn, distinguished by the bush suspended over the door. At most of the inns in this country, they hang out such a signal, to denote that wine is sold within. This custom, now almost obsolete in England, reminds us of the old proverb, "Good wine needs no bush;" but, if in the inns they sell only cyder, it is expressed in Brittany by hanging a few apples to the side of the bush. Here the horses were to rest two hours, during which

time we proposed regaling ourselves with something like a dinner. Upon entering the inn, the first view of the interior made me start back: for I had never seen any thing at all similar to it before. Some faggots were blazing in a ruined chimney, by the side of which stood a miserable bed, where an old man sick of the gout, was sitting up; the torture of his disorder (for the fit was upon him) gave to a naturally fierce and savage countenance, a malignant and dreadful expression; his complaints burst forth in accents of impatient execration, unchecked by the presence of strangers. The curtains of his bed hung in tattered rags, festooned by spiders, that crawled about, and made their intricate webs upon the pendant shreds of the decayed hangings. A slush pool, in the centre of the room, served the double purpose of a receiving hole for foul water, and a pond for the ducks, who enjoyed themselves by paddling about in this. A hen-roost stood above a larder of viands, beneath which a fowl was hatching her young upon a sort of dung-hill. To think of dining was impossible; we begged to be shewn into some other room, and inquired if they could give us bread and coffee. We were ushered into an apartment quite in character with the rest of the house. After desiring that the nearly broken-down chairs might be wiped, (a caution very necessary before venturing to sit down), we ordered a fire, and had at least the comfort of warming ourselves, for all hope of refreshment vanished as soon as the repast appeared. The bread was full of sand, that gritted between the teeth, and so sour that I could not taste a second piece; the coffee bore no resemblance to that beverage, excepting the brown coloured tinge, but seemed a mixture of dirty water and sugar. We resigned it after the first taste, and paid for looking at such fare, as we could not be said to partake of it, the sum of four francs; while some French travellers below, were regaled in like manner for twelve sous each. One of these travellers had the charity to give me a bunch of grapes, which, with the addition of some raw chesnuts that Mr. Stot-hard pulled from the trees as we journeyed on, was all the refreshment we could procure from ten in the morning till ten o'clock the same night, when we got into Ploermel. I cannot help thinking how useful a moral lesson a day's starvation would be to those who have plenty, and a daily meal, that they may experience the misery arising from the want of food, and learn to pity and feel for the needy who have none.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY, TOPOGRAPHY, TRAVELS, &c.

MEMOIRS OF THE AFFAIRS OF EUROPE, from the Peace of Utrecht. By Lord John Russell. 2 vols. post 8vo.—The noble author of these volumes, has, in his treatise on the British Constitution, published some years ago, displayed his acquaintance with the history and policy of nations, and given proofs of his ability as a general scholar. When we see persons of rank and importance in society, thus devote their time and talents to the advancement of literature, instead of dissipating both at the gaming-table or the race-course, we may hail the event as an omen of good to mankind, and an example well worthy to be generally followed. This work is more interesting than the former production of the writer; and the public have already evinced their sense of its merits by a demand for a new edition, which now makes its appearance in a corrected form.

The **ANNUAL CABINET of MODERN VOYAGES and TRAVELS**. 18mo.—The first volume of this little work made its appearance in 1825, the second has just been published; and both possess much merit, and well deserve our highest encomiums. The object of the compiler is to give, in a condensed shape, the geographical intelligence which has been gleaned by enterprising travellers relative to foreign regions of the globe. Many publications, on a plan somewhat similar to the present, have within these few years issued from the press. Without any disparagement to those works, we may assert that, in point of utility and entertainment, the volumes of the Annual Cabinet have seldom been equalled.

SCENES FROM THE EAST. By John Carne, esq. 8vo.—The descriptive sketches of this author have been made in the countries for which the Greeks and Turks are now contending. It is enough to state, that Mr. Carne has depicted the land of the Muses with an animated and apparently-faithful pencil.

THE ORIGINAL PICTURE OF LONDON. New edition, by J. Britton, F.S.A. 12mo. 1826.—Twenty-four impressions of a work form so powerful a recommendation, as to supersede the necessity of any other. The present edition of the Picture of London has been partly re-written, and the whole corrected and improved, under the direction of a gentleman well qualified by his topographical knowledge and literary industry to render this bird's-eye view of the Metropolis as accurate as the varying nature of the subject will allow.

BIOGRAPHY.

ALEXANDER I. EMPEROR OF RUSSIA; or a Sketch of his Life, and of the most important Events of his Reign. 1826. 8vo.—This volume has been hastily compiled, to gratify popular curiosity; and, considering circumstances, it is executed in a very creditable manner.

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. 12mo.—This work is original, and is designed as a medium between the bulky Memoirs of the American sage, by his nephew, and the concise sketch which Franklin himself composed. The best authorities have been consulted, and the intelligence they afford is well selected and arranged.

POETRY.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO. Translated by William Stewart Rose. 8vo. 4 vols.—This translation of the highly-fascinating Poem of Ariosto has been published at intervals, and the fourth volume has but very lately made its appearance from the press. Among the various English writers who have attempted to transfuse the beauties of the Orlando into their native language, Mr. Stewart Rose has been the most successful. He seems to have caught the spirit of the original, and he has rendered an important service to our national literature.

THE LABOURS OF IDLENESS, or Seven Nights' Entertainments. By Guy Penseval. 1826.—Prose and Poetry are combined in the pages of this volume to very little purpose. The author says, and says very truly, in a quotation which he has thought proper to take from Montaigne's Essays—"I have had no regard in this work, either to the reader's service or my own glory." The gentleman who has assumed the redoubtable name in the title page, under which to figure away without rhyme or reason, is said to be Mr. Mackworth Praed, from whom it is no compliment to say that we should have expected something better than these *idle labours*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PROGRESS OF FASHION. Vol. I. London, 1826. 12mo. This is a history of modes of dress from the earliest ages. Much industry seems to have been exercised, in collecting, from various sources, the materials of this amusing compilation. It is written in the form of letters, and in a light and easy style, well adapted to the subject. A continuation may be expected.

EPITAPHS ON FAITHFUL SERVANTS. 1826. 12mo.—This is merely a collection of monumental inscriptions, commemorating persons who have acted with fidelity in a menial station. If it does not correctly inform us what our domestic attendants have been, it shews, at least, what they ought to be; and the book may therefore be useful in the servants' hall or kitchen.

DIARY OF AN ENNUYEE. 1826. 12mo. The authoress of this light and amusing volume, has portrayed, with taste and elegance, the scenes and characters which fell under her observation, during an Italian tour. All is not new, but all is pleasing, from the manner in which it is presented to our notice.

TWO LETTERS to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, from Malachi Malagrowther, Esq. on the Proposed Change of the Currency, and other late Alterations, as they affect the Kingdom of Scotland. 1826. 8vo.—We notice this pamphlet, merely for the sake of observing that it is the composition of Sir Walter Scott, and that he has contrived to extract amusement even from so unpromising a subject.

EDUCATION.

A MUSICAL GRAMMAR: comprehending the Principles and Rules of the Science. By J. F. Danneley, Professor of Music. 1826. 12mo.—There is nothing new in this little tract, except the introduction of a few unusual, but appropriate terms. The rules and examples appear to be correctly and perspicuously exhibited.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

Sir Walter Scott.—The new novel by the author of *Waverley*, intitled "*Woodstock*," is about to appear; and the "*Life of Bonaparte*" will be published in the course of the season.

Africa.—The "*Travels of Major Denham and Captain Clapperton*" are on the verge of publication.

Chateaubriand.—The works of this popular French writer form twenty-five volumes, for which, it is said, the publishers have paid as many thousand pounds.

Mrs. Joanna Baillie is about to publish a drama, in three acts, intitled "*The Martyrs*."

A translation of the *Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach*, has appeared at Paris.

Christ's Hospital.—A gentleman is writing the *Lives of distinguished Persons*, educated at this National school. The work will be entitled "*Memoirs of Eminent Blues*."

New Music.—Mr. F. Lemare has just published the second edition of his *Selection of Sacred Music*, (arranged for the organ or piano-forte,) which includes original compositions, by M. Rimbault, the late Rev. Mr. Bingley, &c.

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Fashionable Evening & Morning Dresses for 1886

Invented by Miss Vierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Pub. April 11th 86, by Dean & Manly, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR APRIL, 1826.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of white net, over a pink satin slip, trimmed at the border with a full flounce of gauze on the bias; a low body, and full short sleeves, ornamented with bows of pink pipings, finished at the bottom with pipings of satin, brought to a point, and confined with a bow of flowers. Gloves of white kid, and satin shoes.

MORNING DRESS.

A MORNING dress of blue sarsenet: the skirt is ornamented with a double row of vandyke pipings; a three-quartered body, made full in the back, with a falling cape brought to a point. A full sleeve, made close to the wrist. A cap of Urling's patent lace, ornamented with a wreath of flowers. Kid gloves, and shoes to correspond.

HEAD-DRESS.—We have not for some time observed the hair arranged in so elegant a style as at the present period. Large full curls continue much in favour, but drest in a lighter and more becoming style, the front hair divided on the left side; the braid intirely in large bows, in the Parisian manner, but instead of extending across the front of the head, brought rather forwarder on the left side, and leaving a space on the right for the introduction of flowers or silver ribands. For large parties, feathers are introduced in this head-dress with great effect.

For the dresses we are, as usual, indebted to the taste of Miss PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; and for the elegant Head-dress, to Mr. COLLEY, 28, Bishopsgate within.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Owing to the very cold weather experienced during the latter part of the month of March, the fashions exhibit but little change, this month; nevertheless, we find some novelties worthy of remark, which are in preparation for the delightful months of spring. Of these, two elegant carriage pelisses, of *gros de Naples*, are remarkably handsome: one is of a very singular tint, being the fine grey-blue of the lavender blossom, shot with black. It is lined with white sarsenet, and made with a stiffened collar, standing up, then turning back with vandyke points. The cuffs are finished in the same manner, and the pelisse itself is simply ornamented with a very full *rouleau* all round. The other carriage pelisse is of celestial blue, and is trimmed all round with a rich border of braided satin, wadded. With this delicate out-door envelope is worn a pelerine of ermine, or one of white satin, edged with swan's-down.

The walking bonnets are of black satin, trimmed with black satin riband and blond: they are large and wide at the temples. The newest carriage bonnets are of pink satin, with a handsome plume of pink and white feathers; this bonnet is large, and has a narrow white blond at the edge of the brim. Hats of black velvet are yet partially worn; they are of all shapes and sizes; and when in the carriage, are ornamented with splendid plumage; a few have appeared with tulips, and other coloured flowers, but they are not very prevalent. A favourite hat for the opera is of black satin, looped up in front with a superb pearl button and loop; and ornamented with full white fox-brush feathers.

An evening dress of soft pink satin, has been greatly admired; it is ornamented at the border with three superb broad flounces of white blond, falling over each other: these flounces are caught up in front, in festoon, with three rosettes of pink satin riband; the upper flounce headed by a *rouleau* of the same colour and material as the dress. The corsage is *en gerb*, and the waist confined by a belt of pink satin, entwined with narrow white blond, and on the left side is a bow, with long ends, formed of blond of a rich pattern, and completing the sash. The tucker is a double quilling of blond, divided in the middle by a pink satin *rouleau*. The sleeves are short

and full, and are formed of pink satin foliage; every leaf of which is edged round with narrow blond. Another evening dress, of blue sarsenet, is not less beautiful: it is ornamented at the border with two flounces of stiffened gauze or tulle, of the same colour; these flounces are doubled in bias, and form a full and beautiful *bouillon*; each flounce is surmounted by bows of blue satin riband. A belt of blue satin encircles the waist, with a small rosette behind.

Ball dresses are very simple in their modes of trimming; those of tulle have large puffings of the same material, or *rouleaux* of satin, disposed in various ways, and fastened together by a bouquet of flowers: the sleeves are short and much puffed out; nothing can be plainer than the corsages of all dresses; and when the *contours* are good, the plain body is best calculated to set them off to advantage.

For head-dresses, turbans and cornettes are now equally in favour, both for home costume, and for half dress. A large pink crape turban is much esteemed for half-dress; it is doubled in bias, and laid in very becoming flutings round the front. An evening-dress turban of Japanese gauze, of a *ponceau* colour, with gold vine-leaves and bunches of grapes, has appeared on a lady of rank, and has been greatly admired. For home costume, we have remarked an elegant cornette of pink satin and very rich blond, with bows and strings of pink gauze brocaded riband; a cornette, for half-dress, is also extremely light and elegant; it is formed of tulle and blond, and ornamented with double Chinese roses, of a damask tint; this cornette ties under the chin, with emerald green riband. Caledonian caps, though not very general, have been seen at the theatres, and at dinner-parties; the most fashionable are of black velvet, with very full plumes of blue and black feathers. These becoming head-dresses will never be out of fashion, especially among the higher classes.

The most approved colours are *ponceau*, pink, olive-green, lavender-blue, and laurel-green.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

The Haytian blue begins to look pale, (the expression used for the occasion,) at the approach of Spring; for the blue, which is still the favourite colour, is now of an azure shade. We have remarked one of the prettiest women, and at the same time, one of the most celebrated artists of Paris, attired in a blue dress: a large blue cachemere shawl was thrown over her shoulders, and a hat of blue velvet, ornamented with three white tufts of feathers, completed her morning toilet. We may, with truth, say, that her costume was, like her talent, of a celestial kind. Merino dresses, on which winter trimmings are no longer displayed, are ornamented with two or three rows of flounces, figured and bordered with satin. For dresses of *barège*, the same kind of trimming is used.

Velvet dresses, made full, are the best adapted for terminating the winter evenings. The trimmings are extremely simple: the greater part have only a satin twist, at the bottom of the petticoat. White sleeves are essential, when the dress is made low. The bust is surrounded with a blond plaiting, surmounted by a double *ruche* of tulle. A great many dresses are worn with short sleeves, but all serving as supports to long white sleeves of tulle, crape, gauze, or blond. On the *corsages* of satin dresses are draperies of gauze *lisse*, which cross each other on the bust, and also on the back. White and cherry-coloured dresses prevail over all others, for evening parties; afterwards come those of black velvet, dark green, violet, &c. The cherry-coloured dresses are of Chinese crape, or poplin; the most part have long sleeves of white gauze, others with short sleeves; the *corsages* are square and nearly joined in front; others are ornamented with drapery, and a large knot of riband on the middle of the bust. White crape dresses have an under one of white satin: the girdles are tied on the front, and have bunches of violets placed in their centre. Some dresses of velvet, or cherry-coloured poplin, have two or three rows of blond: others of white *barège*, are trimmed with four or five rows of Urling's patent lace, of a deep scarlet and gold colour.

The three following dresses struck us, as being particularly handsome:—1. A dress of ruby coloured velvet, cut low, with epaulettes falling over a long sleeve of white tulle, confined at the wrist with an elegant gold bracelet. A pelerine of van-

dyked tulle, round the bust. With this beautiful dinner-dress was worn an Israelitish turban of white *crêpe lisse*, ornamented with gold bands. 2.—A dress of black velvet, trimmed with puffings of satin, surmounted by a flounce of white lace, finished at the edge with roses of the same material as the dress. The body is made tight to the lower part of the bust, with puffings across, finished with a vandyke edging, long sleeves of white lace, with a square epaulette falling over. A crimson velvet *beret*, ornamented with ribands, fringed with gold, completes this elegant costume. 3.—An evening dress of white *barêge*, trimmed with puffings and bands of satin. The body is made similar to the last-mentioned dress, with a short full sleeve to correspond with the bottom of the skirt; a *beret* of blue crape, ornamented with feathers of the same colour.

Hats of black and jonquil satin become every day more fashionable: the edge of the knots or the large ends placed round the head, are lined with yellow, and the rest black.—The head-dresses are of the greatest simplicity, if we may call that a head-dress which is composed of two knots of hair, fastened by a diamond comb: the tufts of hair at the side are separated by a row of fine pearls fixed on the middle of the forehead by a small diamond medallion. It would be impossible to describe the different kinds of *berets*, turbans, or *toques*, which form the generality of head-dresses, all vying with each other in elegance and originality. The most simple, and at the same time the prettiest *beret* which we have seen, was composed of white satin: on the raised side was a large bouquet of small flat plumes of a cherry colour and curled; two wide ribands, one cherry and the other white, parting from under this bouquet, crossed the middle of the cap, and joined another small bouquet of the same plumes placed on the left ear. The most remarkable turban was of gold tissue, intermixed with drapery of black velvet.

The birds of paradise produce the finest effect on hats of black velvet. The knots which ornament the inside of the brim are then of a mixture of black and yellow. Some fashionables wear for morning head-dress, small *fichus* of blond, which are thrown over the hair; the two points falling over the shoulders in the form of lappets.—Some of these points are placed on a half garland of large flowers. We have admired one, of a very peculiar kind, in

which the blond formed raised tubes ; thus giving to the bonnet a form half-beret, and half-hat.

New canezous and handsome pelerines are already displayed by our milliners. With the genial warmth of spring re-appear also the rich Leghorn hats. The *magasins de modes* are decorated with hats, charming for their grace and lightness: some, of canary-coloured gauze, are ornamented with branches of lilac ; others of white watered silk have bouquets of spring flowers dispersed here and there on the front of the head. Those of white crape, the edge of which is of a round shape, surrounded with a high blond, nearly laid flat, and the head ornamented with simple knots of riband, have appeared to us the most distinguished ; and as they are in great number, we believe they will be generally adopted for the fêtes of Longchamp.—We shall, at a later period, describe the concealed wonders which are preparing for the leaders of fashion, and which will only be displayed at the epoch when their mysterious elegance may be contemplated without danger to the inventors of these novelties, the original grace and beauty of which it will then be permitted to admire and imitate.

The art of artificial flower-making has been carried to a great extent in France : nevertheless, new discoveries are continually making to perfect it. It has been long remarked that it was extremely difficult to give a natural tint to the rose ; the flowers became tarnished and yellow, according to the mode in which the colour, used for dying the stuff, had been applied : thus the buds had rarely the appearance of nature. Mr. Moreau, a florist, after many trials, has at length succeeded in giving to artificial flowers a colour as pure as the life. He imitates every kind of blossom, and after a very simple process, he makes a rose with a hundred petals in less than twenty-five minutes. Even the thorns he imitates perfectly. Mr. Moreau communicates the secret of his art, to those persons who may wish to cultivate it as a mode of passing the time agreeably. In a month's time he will enable his pupils to rival the most celebrated florists.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE FALL OF SISERA.

With the vain hope of conquest, presumptuous of might,
The chieftains of Hazor advanced to the fight;
And the banners, gay streamers, fluttered light in the wind,
As they left the proud cities of Canaan behind.

At the head of their corps, like fair chivalry's flower,
Young Sisera advanced in the zenith of power;
His cheek kindled bright at the prospect of Fame,
With which ages to come she'd emblazon his name.

And as he remembered his mother's embrace,
And still felt her tear as it fell on his face;
"Zorayda," he said, "when the battle is won,
With the kiss of proud triumph shall welcome her son.

"And who are our enemies?—who leads them on?—
Some warrior, who fame in war's chapter has won;
Blush, ye sons of the Hebrew, your prowess is fled—
Since a woman presumes such an army to head.

"Oh! shame on ye, veterans—ye veterans of might,
Since to woman's weak hand you have yielded your right!—
Fear not, mighty Canaan, the day is our own—
And victory shall give us the palm of renown."

How vain was that hope!—the sun rose on their pride—
He view'd them all joyous, like beauty's young bride;
But when his last ray bade good night to the plain,
The proud hosts of Canaan were scattered and slain.

The river of Kishon, unloosed from its bounds—
The tents of the foe and invader surrounds;
And they who at morn sought the wreaths of the brave,
Beneath its dark waters, ere night, found a grave.

But where is their chief, unaccustomed to yield?—
Does he find glory's grave in the blood-trophied field?
No!—urged by despair, to his destiny flies,
By the hand of a woman ignobly he dies.

Oh, vain were their chariots, the chariot of might—
The fame of his army was quenched on that night—
And vainly for conquest the Canaanite sought,
For "the stars in their courses 'gainst Sisera fought."

At the feet of a woman, as suppliant he bowed,
Late the hero of courts, and the pride of the crowd,—
Where he sunk down in sleep, there he rose not again,
But he met with the death he had fled from in vain.

Zorayda, unknowing the dark ruling fates,
For her son as a conquer'r impatiently waits;
Bids her maidens (who soon shall lament o'er his grave)
Chaunt the lays of proud triumph to honour the brave.

"The father of Sisera revives in his son,"
Her ladies reply, "He the battle has won,"
Yet Zorayda would thus interrupt the blythe song,
"Why tarry the wheels of his chariot so long?"

"Yet why should I fear for the conqueror's delay?
To mete out the spoil it is fit he should stay;
And laden with conquest he soon shall appear,—
Then why should the parent of Sisera fear.

"The wealth of the foe—all that beauty can give,
As the spoil of his sword, shall our hero receive;
While the mothers of Israel shall mourn what they've lost,
Of her son, as a hero, Zorayda shall boast."

Weep thou—widowed mother! the battle is won,
But not by the armies led forth by thy son—
For the God of Hosts helped his people in need,
And them from the chains of oppression has freed.

ADA.

CHARADE.

WHEN a journey is taken, my first you should be,
Or its end you can ne'er hope to reach;
My second gives water pellucid and free,
And my whole, when fond parents delighted shall see,
To their fondest affection they'll teach.

J. M. LACEY.

SONG.

Air—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

Oh! never while Memory flings her fond glance
O'er bliss that hath faded away,
Though lengthening years may in sorrow advance
Uncheered by one joy-giving ray,
Shall we cease to remember the friends of our youth,
And those moments of blissful delight,
Which beamed on our souls through the mirror of truth,
And never so bright as to-night?

There are joys may be won in the waning of life,
Faint stars after youth's sun is set!
But there's none will be joyous and void of sad strife
As those which in boyhood we've met;
We may weep, we may pine, but they never return
To cheer the lone soul on her way,
And if *Memory* forsook us, oh! how we should mourn
That bliss hath so transient a stay!—

VALENTIA.

LINES,

Too sad to weep, too grieved to speak,
When paleness hues the ashen cheek,—
When lovers must in sorrow sever,
When flies their joy, perhaps for ever,—
When clasped hands and mournful eye,
Proclaim the heart's dull agony:
He, who has passed a scene like this,
Oh! jests he not, to call love, bliss?

And when we see the sly-look stealing,
All pregnant with the tender feeling,—
When meeting eyes, as if by chance,
Tell tales of fondness in their glance,—
When swells the heart, too full of bliss,
And printed is the burning kiss:
He, who such hours may chance to know
Oh! jests he not, to call love, woe?"

W. G. KING.

PARTING.

PARTING from those we love is but "sweet sorrow,"
 When some few weeks will bring the wanderers home;
 How different when to-morrow, and to-morrow
 Steals slowly onward, and they never come! VALENTIA.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to "Valentia's" enquiry, we beg to state that all communications, whether Prose or Poetry, are acceptable; but their insertion must depend on our judgment of their merit—The length of the Poem to which he alludes is, of itself, no objection to its admission into our pages.—Are not the *Cambridge ladies* too interested to be considered impartial critics?

We have again read D. D. D's Essay on "Fate and Prognostication;" subjects sufficiently abstruse; and, we fear, so uninviting to general readers, as to oblige us to decline its insertion.

"Inconstancy,"—Poems, Sonnets, Ænigmas, &c. &c. by Carolus—the "Convict," by E. M.—Lines on the Loss of the Comet steam packet—Sonnet to Night—Lines on hearing two lovely girls reproved for laughing—The Hip and the Rose—Lines upon visiting a beautiful Ruin—The Penitent, by Gregory Scriblerus—The Tempest—The Sea-nymph's Song at Evening—Junia to Britannicus—Lines to Nancy—To My Native Vale—The Close of the Battle—and Christmas in a Cottage—have all, in a season of leisure, had their merits reconsidered; but without, we regret to add, any result favourable to the wishes of their respective writers.

The "Hour of Retrospection," after a long interval, has again attracted our attention. From the closeness of the writing correction is, on our part, impossible; but we would recommend the fair authoress to rewrite it: shall we transmit it to her for that purpose?

G. H. will perceive that we have received both his parcel and his letter. We accept with pleasure, his promise of becoming a frequent correspondent.

Of the various Essays transmitted to us, that by G. H. has received our judgment as being the best.—Of the others it might be invidious to speak more particularly; yet we cannot but assure CONSTANCE and H. H. that their Essays gave us much pleasure, conveying as they do, to us, the promise of future excellence—*J. W. King* has given in *twelve pages* a sketch of what he considers the essentials of Female Education, but the *comparison of the two systems* by which this education is to be imparted, and which, be it observed, is the real question proposed for discussion, he has dismissed in *as many lines*.—A similar inconsistency appears in *X. Y. Z's* Essay. After reading *seven* out of the *eight* pages of which it consists, we were unprepared for the declaration that the "preceding observations are applicable to both sexes," whilst *one* solitary page alone is devoted to the comparative merits of the two systems.—*St. Idur's* Essay is very faulty as a composition; otherwise it is not destitute of merit.—*X. X. X.* has produced an Essay whose principal, if not only fault arises from its extreme brevity; by which he has been unable to do justice to his own argument—there is also an abruptness of style, by which the elegance of the composition has been greatly injured—on the whole, however, it is good.—It may be satisfactory to observe, that there is no diversity of opinion as to the preferable system, among the various writers: and that our own judgment accords with that of our correspondents, in giving a most decided preference to Domestic Education for the Female Sex.

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Engraved by T. Woolnath from a painting by herself.

M^{rs} Pearson.

Ad. May 1826 by Dean & Munday Threadneedle Street.